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Choice Poetry.

REVISED POEMS,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

WANTED—A THEME.

The spring is here again, mother, she bursts upon our sight,
Like a young girl in her bridal-dress, all bloom and love and light;
The birds from out the sunny south, Heaven-guided, hither come,
And earth is very fair, mother, far round our cottage home.

A spell is on my heart, mother, a deep, mysterious spell—
I feel the mighty tide of song within my spirit swell!
Then find for me a theme, mother, a theme to write upon,
Ere breaks that spell, and ere that tide has ebbed away and gone.

I could write of the fields, mother, the dark and waving woods,
The bursting flowers, the clinging vines, the waterfalls and floods;
But then the world would say, mother, although 'twere done up neat,
That I was in a beaten track, a-following that *Street*

I might weave lays like rose-wreaths, mother, and fling them left and right,
All odorous with the breath of love, and glowing with its light;
But though 'twere all a sham, mother, wise ones their heads would shake,
And they'd say I was in love, mother—which were a sad mistake.

I could write of the West, mother—tell many a backwood's tale;
But Mary Clavers long ago chanced on that happy trail,
And went it "with a rush," mother, as all the world agrees,
And made a "powerful sight" of fun, and left no laugh for me.

I could write on the wars, mother, the soldier's glorious life,
I sometimes think it is my *forte* to sing of scenes of strife;
But I've avowed peace principles, and may not call them back;
So I cannot write of war, mother—I must take another tack.

The terrible might do, mother, some wild, unearthly story,
I might ride for a Pegasus, a nightmare into glory;
But then, that "Raven" there, mother, above that "chamber-door,"
I asked him if 'twould be a hit—"Quoth the raven, never more!"

I might plead for the poor, mother, the wronged and the oppressed,
And give a flash of freedom's fire, deep burning in my breast;
But they'd say I was a fanatic, a-battling with weak straws
Against the mighty Union, and the almighty Laws.

The foibles of the *beau-monde*, mother, should I write on as I feel,
The ladies fair would vote me odd, and not at all genteel;
And ah, the lordly sex, mother, *their* ire would heaviest fall,
They'd say I was a sour old maid—and that were worse than all!

I think I'll off to bed, mother—I'm tired, and then it's late;
The horse I rode this afternoon had such a shocking gait;
So do not early break, mother, my deep and soft repose,
For I love a morning doze, mother, I love a morning doze!

Our Portrait Gallery.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL TWIGGS.

For the above engraving we are indebted to "Scott and Staff," recently published by Messrs. Grigg & Elliot, of this city.

Original Tales.

THE GAME OF CHESS.
A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

CHAPTER I.
THE ESCURIAL.

King Philip II. was playing at chess in the palace of the Escurial. Ruy Lopez, a hitherto obscure priest, who was an adept at this game, was his majesty's antagonist. As a particular favor the great player was allowed to kneel upon a cushion of rich velvet, while the grandees of the court stood around the King, in an attitude of sadness and anxiety.

The morning was clear, and odorous as the breeze which sighs over the orange groves of Grenada; the sun cast his rays of fire upon the window panes, but the purple curtains of the splendid hall tempered his scorching heat. The brightness of the day, however, did not seem in harmony with the gloomy reserve of the King. His brow was contracted; from time to time the thoughts which occupied his bosom could be seen passing like shadows across its furrowed surface. His forehead was dark as the tempest which bursts over the summit of the Alpuxarres. From beneath his frowning brows the King looked often toward the door of entrance; the nobles who surrounded him stood silent, and exchanged significant glances; the aspect of this group was cold and serious; it was evident that some momentous event weighed upon all present. The game attracted the attention of no one, unless perhaps that of Ruy Lopez, who hesitated as he reflected seriously between a forced mate, and the deference due to his Catholic Majesty, Philip II., Sovereign of all Spain and its dependencies.

The silence was unbroken; no sound was heard but that caused by the players as they moved their pieces when, suddenly, the door was thrown open. A man of rude and sinister appearance presented himself in mute humility before the King, awaiting his orders to speak. The exterior of this man was far from prepossessing; a beety and general movement took place at his entrance; the lords shrunk from him in disdain, nay even with disgust, as they would have recoiled at the sudden appearance of some animal at once dangerous and loathsome. His frame was broad and square, and seemed endowed with almost herculean strength; he was clothed in a doublet of black leather; vulgar features, destitute of the slightest signs of intellect, betokened him a man of brutal tastes and passions; a large and deep scar beginning at the eyebrow, and losing itself beneath his chin in a tuft of beard, gave additional harshness to his visage. His nature seemed equally made up of the man and the brute.

Philip II. opened his lips; his voice trembled; he was violently agitated; an electric thrill pervaded the assembly. For this new comer, this strange man, endowed with naught but physical strength, but this in all its power, was Fernando Calavar, the chief executioner of Spain.

"Is he dead?" inquired Philip, in an imperious tone, which while it broke the fearful silence, chilled every soul with terror.

"No, sire," replied Fernando Calavar, bowing low.

The King's brows were contracted.

"As a grandee of Spain, the condemned has claimed his privileges, and I could not proceed against a man of the noblest blood in the kingdom, without a more precise order from your majesty."

He bowed low once more.

A murmur of approbation ran through the assembly; it was the response of the nobles who had listened with extreme attention. The blood of Castile boiled in their veins, and colored their cheeks. This manifestation of interest became general. Young Alphonso d'Ossuna was the first to give it meaning and significance, by placing upon his head his hat of ceremony. His example was boldly followed by the greater part of the nobles present. The waving of their tall white plumes seemed to proclaim that those who wore them protested in behalf of their privileges, by thus exercising that one which gave to the grandees of Spain the right to cover their heads in presence of their sovereign.

A movement of suppressed anger escaped the King; he struck the table violently with his right hand, disturbing the pieces upon the board.

"He has been judged by our royal council," he said, "judged and condemned to death. What does he demand, then, this traitor?"

"Sire," answered the executioner, "he demands to die by the axe and the block; he demands also to pass the three last hours of his life with a priest."

"Ha!—'tis granted," replied the King, in a tone of satisfaction. "Is not our confessor with him as we commanded?"

"Yes, sire," said Fernando, "the holy man is with him, but the Duke will not listen to Don Diaz de Silva. He will receive absolution from no one beneath a bishop, such being the privilege of a noble condemned to death for high treason."

"Such are our rights," cried the headless Ossuna, "and we claim our privileges from the King in behalf of our cousin."

These words were the signal for general remonstrance.

"Our rights and the King's justice are inseparable," said Don Diego de Tarrazas, Count of Valencia, an old man of gigantic stature who was clothed in armor, and, holding in his hand the baton of the high constable of Spain, stood leaning upon his long Toledo sword.

"Our rights and our privileges!" cried the assembled nobles.

These bold words, repeated like an echo, caused the King to start upon his throne of ebony.

"By the bones of Campeador," he exclaimed, "by the soul of St. Jago, I have sworn neither to eat nor drink until the bloody head of the traitor, Don Guzman, has been brought to me, until I have seen it with mine own eyes! It shall be done as I have sworn. But Don Tarrazas has said well. The justice of the King confirms the rights of his subjects. My lord constable, where dwells our nearest bishop?"

"Sire, my dealings are oftener with the camp than with the church. Your majesty's almoner, Don Silvas, here present, will tell you better than I can."

"Sire," said Don Silvas y Mendez, humbly, and with a tremulous voice, "the Bishop of Segovia belongs to the King's household; but he who filled this office died last week, and the *facit* which appoints his successor, is still upon the table of the council, and must receive the sanction of the Pope. There is an assembly of the Princes of the Church at Valladolid; all the bishops are to be there.—The Bishop of Madrid left his palace yesterday to repair thither."

At these words a smile of joy played upon the lips of Ossuna. This joy was very natural, for the young man was allied to the family of Don Guzman, and the condemned, his cousin, was his dearest friend.

The King remarked this smile; his eye then assumed a different expression; an expression of impatience and irritation.

"We are a crowned King," he said gravely, and with the calmness which precedes a storm. "Our royal person should not serve as a target for raillery. The sceptre seems light, my lords, but he who is so imprudent as to smile thereat, will be crushed by it as by a hammer of iron! Besides, our holy father, the Pope, is somewhat in our debt, and we do not fear his disapproval in the step which we are about to take. Since the King of Spain can make a Prince, why, certes, he can make a bishop. Rise, then, Don Ruy Lopez! I name thee Bishop of Segovia. Stand up, sir priest! I command thee! take thy rank in the church."

Universal astonishment followed these words.

Don Ruy Lopez rose mechanically; he hesitated; he endeavored to speak.

"May it please your majesty," he said.

"Silence, my lord bishop!" cried the King.—"Obey thy sovereign. The ceremony of thy installation shall be performed at some future day—our subjects will not fail to recognise our will in this affair. Bishop of Segovia, repair with Calavar to the cell of the criminal. Purify his soul from sin, and in the space of three hours deliver over his body to the axe of the headsman. As for thee, Calavar, we will await thee in this hall; thou wilt bring hither the head of the traitor, for Don Guzman, Prince of Calatrava, Duke of Medina Sidonia, shall die this day. Let our sentence be executed!"

The King now approached Ruy Lopez.

"I give thee my signet-ring," he said, "that the Duke may credit thy words. Well, my lords," he added, "do you still venture to doubt the justice of your King?"

No one replied. Ruy Lopez followed the headsman, and the King having resumed his seat, signed to one of his favorites to take his place opposite to him at the chess board. Don Ramirez, Count of Biscay, approached, and kneeled upon the velvet cushion.

"With chess, my lords," said the King, smiling, "and with your company, the interval will pass pleasantly. Let no one leave the apartment until the return of Calavar. We might find the time wearisome if one of you were absent."

With these words of irony, Philip commenced a new game with Don Ramirez, and the nobles, overcome with fatigue, stood in a group around the players, as at the commencement of this narrative.

The scene resumed its former order and calmness, while Calavar conducted the new bishop to the dungeon of the criminal.

Ruy Lopez walked onward with downcast eyes; a spectator would have taken him for a condemned criminal. His brain reeled; all that had passed seemed like a trick of the imagination—he scarcely knew whether he were awake or dreaming. In the bottom of his heart he cursed both the King and the Court. At times, indeed, he recalled to mind that he was Bishop of Segovia, but a pang entered his soul as he thought upon the price at which this dignity was purchased. What had Don Guzman done to him that he should thus contribute to his destruction. Such were his reflections as he paced the marble pavement which led to the prisons of state, and he prayed God that the earth might open and swallow him alive. His prayer was uttered in sincerity, but it was uttered in vain.

CHAPTER II.
THE DUNGEON.

The Prince of Calatrava, confined in a narrow wainscotted chamber, was pacing his cell with a hurried, irregular step, that betokened keen anxiety. The apartment was furnished with a massive table, and two heavy wooden stools; the floor was covered with coarse thick matting; here every sound was smothered; silence reigned supreme. A rudely carved crucifix was fastened against the wall, in the recess of the arched window which admitted light into the apartment. Except this symbol of resignation and compassion nothing adorned the walls of this cold and gloomy cell; it might be called the vestibule of death, the ante-chamber of the tomb. The window was at a great height from the ground, and carefully furnished with iron bars. No precaution was wanting for the safe keeping of the prisoner.

At the moment when Ruy Lopez presented himself before the noble Duke, the rays of the sun poured brightly into the chamber of the condemned; they seemed to smile in irony upon him who looked for the last time upon the light of day.

The Duke saluted the new father of the church with more than usual courtliness; each gazed at the other, and in that gaze they exchanged a thousand words which they alone could comprehend. Ruy Lopez felt all the painfulness of his errand, and the Duke divined his emotion; the same thought entered the mind of each as their eyes met; the thought that by this sentence which condemned to death one of the chief favorites of the King, the life of an innocent man was sacrificed. Still weighty proofs had been brought forward of the crime imputed to the Duke; one, above all—a despatch written in his own hand to the Court of France, in which he revealed a project to assassinate King Philip II. It was this which had led to his condemnation. Besides this, Don Guzman, confiding in his innocence, had kept perfect silence before his judges, and the accusation being unrepelled, the doom of a traitor had been pronounced against him. As he listened to the sentence Don Guzman had not turned pale, not a feature was agitated, he had faced the storm, he had braved death. Even this last hour had no terrors for him, and he listened coolly to the summons, which called him hence, with its harsh and pitiless voice. If his brow darkened, if his step was hurried, his breathing irregular, it was that he thought upon his affianced bride, Donna Estella, who, ignorant of his condemnation, was awaiting his return in her castellated mansion on the banks of the Guadalquiver. If he was weak at this fatal moment, it was that love appeared to him in a dreamy reverie, and his throbbing heart banished the remembrance of all except her whose image he cherished so fondly in his bosom.

Don Ruy Lopez had not entered alone. Calavar was at his side, and it was he who first spoke to inform the Duke of the King's reply to his request, and the resolution which his majesty had formed. Ruy Lopez confirmed the headsman's words, and Don Guzman kneeled with fervent deference before the new bishop, and asked for his blessing. He then calmly turned to Calavar, and with a commanding gesture he dismissed him, saying:

"In three hours I am thine!"

Calavar obeyed.

The Duke and the bishop now found themselves face to face. Don Ruy Lopez trembled; the features of Don Guzman had become calm and serene. He took the bishop's hand, and clasped it warmly. After a short pause the Duke spoke:

"We have met under happier auspices," he said, almost with a smile.

"It is true," stammered Ruy Lopez, who, pale and rueful, resembled a condemned culprit rather than a confessor.

"Far happier," reiterated the Duke, as if in a reverie, and yielding to past remembrances. "Have you forgotten that when you played your great game with Paoli Boy, the Sicilian, in the presence of Philip and the Court, it was upon my right arm that his majesty leaned?"

Softened by these recollections, and by the sad tone with which the Duke recalled them, Ruy Lopez endeavored to control his emotion, and replied:

"These regrets are vain, my dear son; do not waste your time in idle words; employ it rather in making your peace with Heaven, since Heaven vouchsafes to listen to you. Let us read together the holy offices, that your soul may be cleansed from its stains, and that you may be prepared for the last change."

"A change, in truth," exclaimed the Duke, with a smile at this exhortation. "Use, rather, my father, those words of Miguel Cervantes, words very suitable for you to utter, and for me to hear; '*Life is a game at chess.*' I forget the precise place in which the passage is to be found, but its meaning is, that everywhere upon the earth men play different parts. In life, as in chess, there are kings, knights, bishops and pawns, according to fate, fortune and birth, and when the game is finished, death enters upon the scene, and levels all distinctions, as one replaces the pieces in the box."

"I remember those words of Don Quixote," replied Don Ruy, astonished at this singular remark, "and I remember, also, Sancho's reply; '*That however just the comparison, it was not so new but that it had been heard before.*' But let us cease this levity, my son!"

"Still, I have been your favorite pupil, nay, even your antagonist," said the Duke, without appearing to listen to Don Ruy Lopez.

"It is true," replied the bishop, "you are a master of the game, and I have often boasted of my pupil. But kneel, my son."

Both kneeled; and before the crucifix, at the foot of the Redeemer's image, Don Guzman confessed his sins to Ruy Lopez, who listened to him with tears. Then, when the Duke had ended, that is to say, after the space of two hours, for the confession which had been buried beneath the seal of the church, was long and moving, the bishop blessed the prisoner, and gave him absolution.

They then rose; the features of Don Guzman were calm and resigned. There remained yet an hour to wait.

"This delay is frightful," exclaimed the Duke. "Why not end at once the life of a doomed man? Since the world and I are severed from each other, why leave me thus? An eternity of suffering is comprised in each moment of this suspense. And the headsman still lingers!"

The condemned walked back and forth in his cell; his eye, directed towards the door, seemed to summon Calavar and his assistants; the trial was terrible; the Duke's firmness, which would have been proof beneath the axe, faltered in this hour of suspense.

Ruy Lopez had accomplished his mission. He had still an hour to pass with the prisoner of state, but his exhortations were ended; the soul of the condemned was purified, the priest had become the man again. At the exclamation uttered by Don Guzman, and remarking the pallor of his features, he saw that his firm soul was sinking beneath the thoughts which racked his bosom, and that the hour which yet remained would perhaps unnerve him for the last and fatal moment. He pondered upon the means to divert the Duke from self-reflection; his agitated mind could find none. What solace could he offer to a man so soon to die? For one condemned, the flower no longer has its perfume, woman no longer has her smile. The good bishop pondered for awhile in vain, when a sudden thought darted across his mind.

"If a game of chess were not too profane!" he said, timidly.

"The idea is excellent!" cried Don Guzman, recalled to earth again by this singular proposal. "Sage bishop, the idea is brilliant. A farewell game at chess!"

"Do you consent?"

"But the pieces, my good friend?"

"Do I not always bear about me the instruments of warfare?" said Ruy Lopez, with a smile. He then drew forward the two stools, and arranged a miniature set of chess-men upon the table. "Our Lady pardon me," he added, "but I sometimes amuse myself in studying a problem in the confessional."

"Many problems are solved there, doubtless," replied the Duke, smiling.

The pieces were arranged; the players took their seats, and these two lords, the one spiritual, the other temporal, were soon absorbed in the intricacies of an exciting game.

It was a curious spectacle, and one worthy the skilful pencil of a Rembrandt or a Salvator Rosa—that strange game between the priest and the criminal. A faint light shone upon the pale and noble features of Don Guzman, and the rays which entered at the lofty window, fell full upon the benevolent visage of Ruy Lopez, who, as he played, wiped stealthily away the tears which compassion forced from his eyes.

The emotions which agitated the two antagonists were very different. Ruy Lopez played with a heedlessness and an absence of mind, which was far from being usual to him, and which deprived him of his accustomed skill. Don Guzman, on the contrary, by one of those strange caprices of the human soul, stimulated by the ardor which devoured him, conducted his game with extraordinary dexterity and forethought. In this trying moment the blood of Castile did not fail him, for never had the Duke displayed more clearness of intellect, more depth of calculation. This presence of mind might be compared to the last blaze of an expiring lamp, to the last harmonious strains of a dying swan. The noble peer seemed, in truth, elevated above the earth and free from every thought of despondency; he appeared already to have attained that state of spiritual essence to which the axe of the headsman was soon about to transmute him.

Don Guzman had attacked his adversary with an impetuosity which soon rendered his victory almost certain. Ruy Lopez forgetting, involuntarily, as it were, his sad reflections, defended himself stoutly; but all his skill was useless. The game had become more and more complicated. The bishop was endeavoring to avert a mate, that was inevitable, indeed, but still distant, and Don Guzman pursued his advantage with the ardor inspired by approaching success. The world was forgotten; the moments flew unheeded; his universe was the chess board; a lifetime seemed to pass in each single move! Happy illusion! if Heaven had but permitted it to last!

But no! the minutes are told, and the fatal hour has arrived!

A distant sound is heard; it approaches; it grows more distinct; the door of the cell turns upon its triple hinges of iron; and the Duke is aroused from his game and his dreams of victory, by the cold and terrible reality which appears before him in the features of the headsman.

The satellites of Calavar, holding torches, and armed with swords, advanced, bearing a block covered with black cloth, the purpose of which was announced with sufficient clearness by the axe which was laid upon it. They placed their torches in the niches prepared for them, while one of their number strewed the floor of the cell with the dust of cedar wood. All this was accomplished in a moment; they waited only for the condemned. Ruy Lopez rose trembling at the sight of Calavar, but the Duke did not move; he remained with his eyes fixed upon the chess board, without heeding either the executioners or the block.

It was Don Guzman's turn to play.

Calavar, seeing him thus motionless, placed his hand upon the Duke's shoulder, and uttered but a single word; but this word was a summons to death.

"Come!" he said.

The prisoner started as if he had trodden upon a serpent.

"Let me finish the game!" he said, imperiously.

"It is impossible!" replied Calavar.

"Why, knave, I have won it! I have a forced mate, most certainly. Let me play out the game!"

"It is impossible!" repeated the headsman.

"The three hours—are they passed?"

"The last stroke has sounded. We must obey the orders of the King."

The assistants who had stood near, leaning upon their swords, advanced at these words.

The Duke was seated against the wall below the narrow window. Thus, the table was placed between him and Calavar. He rose and said in a commanding tone:

"Mine be this game! my head thou shalt have afterwards. I will not stir until it is finished. I shall need half an hour; wait then!"

"My lord Duke," replied Calavar, "I respect and honor you, but I cannot grant this delay. It would peril my head."

Don Guzman made a movement of impatience; then removing the diamonds which he wore upon his fingers, he cast them calmly at the hangman's feet.

"I will finish the game," he said, carelessly.

The jewels rolled upon the floor, and lay untouched amid the dust. The executioners gazed upon each other in astonishment.

"My orders are precise," replied Calavar, impetuously. "I crave your pardon, noble Duke, if I resort to violence; but the King's law, and the law of Spain must be enforced. Leave your place then, and waste not your last moments in a useless struggle. Speak to the Duke, my lord Bishop! Counsel him to submit to his fate."

The answer of Ruy Lopez was prompt and decisive.

He seized the axe which lay upon the block, and brandishing it about his head, he cried:

"*Par l' enfer!* The Duke *shall* finish his game!"

Terrified at the gesture which accompanied these words, Calavar recoiled, and almost fell into the arms of his acolytes. Swords were raised, and the sanguinary band prepared themselves for the combat. But Ruy Lopez, who seemed transformed into a Hercules, cast his heavy oaken stool upon the floor, and cried in a voice of thunder:

"The first who passes this limit fixed by the church, is a dead man! Courage, noble Duke! To the work, then! there are but four of these miscreants. Your lordship's last wish shall be granted, were it at the hazard of my life! And you, accursed dogs, woe to that one who dares lay hand upon a bishop of Christ's Church! Be he accursed for ever and ever, be he cut off from the flock of the faithful in this world, and become a howling fiend in the world to come! Lower your swords, and respect the anointed of the Lord!"

Ruy Lopez continued, in a mingled jargon of Spanish and Latin, to repeat one of those formulas of excommunication, damnation and malediction, which, at this epoch, produced such an impression upon the minds of the masses.

The effect of this harangue was immediate. The assistant stood motionless, and Calavar reflected that to slay a bishop without a precise order from the King, would subject him to the greatest misfortunes in this world, and everlasting punishment in the next.

"I will go to the King," he said.

"Go, then," replied the bishop, still standing on his guard.

The hangman knew not what to do. He pondered for a moment. To go and announce this news to Philip, who was expecting the *head of the traitor*, was to expose himself to great danger. To attack the priest and the culprit was hazardous, for Ruy Lopez was endowed with great strength, and the Duke smiled at the thoughts of a combat. Calavar, at last, took the resolution which appeared the wisest. He waited.

"Will you promise to finish in half an hour?" he asked.

"I promise it!" replied the Duke.

"Proceed, then," rejoined the headsman.

A truce being thus concluded, the players resumed their places and their game.

Calavar, who himself understood the game, gazed involuntarily at the moves of each of the players, and his satellites formed a barrier around them, which seemed to say to the Duke:

"You, also, will finish with this game!"

Don Guzman gazed about him for a moment, for his calmness had not forsaken him.

"I have never before played in so noble a company," he said. "Bear witness, ye hangmen, that for once in my life, I have beaten Don Lopez, and attest it after my death."

He then resumed his game, smiling with a calm and pallid smile, like a sun-beam which gleams for an instant upon the snow-clad summits of the Alps.

CHAPTER III.
THE ROLL OF PARCHMENT.

If the three hours had passed slowly in the dungeon of the prisoner, they had not flown more rapidly at the palace of King Philip. The monarch had finished his game with his favorite Don Ramirez, of Biscay, and his nobles, forced by the rules of etiquette to remain standing, appeared ready to sink beneath a fatigue, which was increased by the weight of their armor.

Don Tarrazas stood motionless, with his eyes half closed; he seemed like one of those mailed statues which are seen in ancient gothic halls. Young Ossuna, overcome with weariness and sorrow, was leaning against a marble column. King Philip was pacing the apartment with hurried strides, listening attentively for some distant sound. In accordance with the superstitious custom of the age, the King kneeled, at intervals, at the feet of a statue of the Virgin, which was placed upon a pedestal of porphyry, taken from the ruins of the Alhambra, and prayed the Madonna to pardon him for the work of blood which he had just decreed; he then turned to examine the hour-glass. All was silent as the abode of Azrael, the angel of death, for no one whatever his rank, might venture to open his lips before his sovereign, except at his bidding. When the last grain of sand, which marked the fatal interval, had fallen, the King uttered a cry of joy, and exclaimed:

"The traitor dies!"

A suppressed murmur ran through the assembly.

"The time has expired," added Philip, and with it, Count of Biscay, your enemy has fallen like the leaves of the olive tree before the hurricane."

"My enemy, sire?" exclaimed Ramirez, with feigned surprise.

"Yes, Count," replied Philip, in a slight tone of malice, "wherefore repeat our words? Were you not a rival of Don Guzman's, for the love of Donna Estella, and can two rivals be friends? It is true we have not spoken of this in our council, but our royal word is passed. Donna Estella shall be yours! The maiden will bring you a rich dowry, both in beauty and in wealth. You see, Count, that if the world prates of the ingratitude of Kings, you, at least, can say that we have not forgotten the true friend of Spain and of its monarch; him, who brought to light the conspiracy of Don Guzman and his correspondence with the King of France."

Don Ramirez, of Biscay, listened to the King's words with an air of restlessness and disquietude. He did not raise his eyes from the ground; it seemed as if he shrunk from these public testimonials of royal favor. Still he endeavored to reply.

"Sire," he said, "it was with great repugnance that I fulfilled a painful duty—"

He was unable to continue; his voice faltered, and his features were agitated.

Tarrazas coughed slightly, and Ossuna struck the hilt of his sword with his armed hand.

"Before Estella shall become the bride of this man," he muttered, "I will sleep in the grave where now sleeps my noble cousin. To-morrow will be a day of vengeance!"

The King continued:

"Your zeal and devotion, Don Ramirez, shall be recompensed. The preserver of our throne, and perhaps of our dynasty, merits no common recompense. This morning we directed you and our Chief Chancellors to draw up the letters patent which invest you with the rank of Duke, and the high office of Governor of Valencia; are these letters ready for our signature?"

Don Ramirez turned pale; this recompense seemed to overwhelm him. He shuddered; his sight grew confused. The King extended his hand. The Count drew hurriedly from his bosom a roll of parchment, and sinking upon his knees before the King, he presented it to his majesty, who received it saying:

"To sign these letters patent shall be our first public act this day. The headsman has already punished the traitor; it is time that the King should recompense the loyal vassal."

Philip now unfolded the parchment. His face suddenly assumed an expression of deep indignation, his eye flashed, and he exclaimed in a harsh and angry tone:

"Holy virgin! what do I see!"

CHAPTER IV.
THE RESCUE.

The game of chess was finished; Don Guzman had beaten Ruy Lopez, his triumph was complete; he rose.

"I am ever the devoted servant of my King," he said, turning to Calavar.

The headsman understood these words, and at a sign from him his assistants prepared the block. In the meanwhile Don Guzman advanced towards the crucifix, and said with a firm voice:

"Oh, God, let this rash and unjust deed return upon him who has compassed it, but let not my blood fall like coals of fire upon the head of my sovereign!"

Ruy Lopez prostrated himself upon the ground, and concealing his face in his robe, he recited the prayers for the dying.

Calavar placed his hand upon the Duke's shoulder, to remove his ruff. Don Guzman started back.

"Let nothing of thine except that steel touch one of the blood of Guzman," he said, as he tore off his ruff, and placed his head upon the block.

"Strike!" he added. "I am ready!"

The headsman raised the axe—the King's sentence was about to be executed, when loud cries, the sound of steps and confused voices checked the arm of Calavar.

The door suddenly yielded to the efforts of a number of armed men, and Ossuna rushed between the headsman and his victim. It was time!

"He lives!" cried Tarrazas.

"He is saved!" exclaimed Ossuna. "My best beloved cousin, I no longer hoped to see thee; but God has not willed that the innocent should perish for the guilty. Let heaven be praised!"

"Let heaven be praised!" repeated all present, but by no one louder than by Don Ruy Lopez.

"You are in time, my friend," said Don Guzman to his cousin. "Now I should not have the strength to die!"

He swooned upon the block—overcome by the severity of the trial.

Ruy Lopez at once raised the Duke in his arms, and bore him to the King's hall. The nobles followed him, and when Don Guzman returned to consciousness, he beheld himself surrounded by his friends, who formed a close circle about him, in the midst of which stood King Philip, his face beaming with satisfaction and delight.

All seemed like a dream. A moment before at the block, now in the royal hall. He could not comprehend the change; he did not know that Don Ramirez in his excessive joy and agitation, had committed an error in giving the letters patent to the King, and that he had placed in his hands a paper containing the details of a plot, the aim of which was to rid himself of Don Guzman, and thus remove from his path at once a hated rival, and the firmest support of the throne. He did not know all this, and his escape from the axe of the headsman was a mystery to him, which he was unable to comprehend; he was informed of all, however, and three days afterward at the self same hour, Calavar beheaded Don Ramirez, Count of Biscay as a traitor.

All present overwhelmed Don Guzman with congratulations and caresses, and King Philip, clasping his hand with tenderness, said:

"Guzman, I have been unjust toward thee. I can never pardon myself for my hastiness."

"Sire," replied the Duke, "let it pass. Such words from my sovereign's lips are worth a thousand lives."

But the King continued:

"My friend," he said, "it is our royal wish, that, to commemorate this almost miraculous escape, you should henceforth bear upon your escutcheon an axe argent upon a chess board azure. And ere the month has passed you will espouse Donna Estella; the ceremony shall be performed in our palace of the Escurial."

And then turning toward Ruy Lopez, he added:

"Ruy Lopez, I think that the church will find a good servant in our new prelate. You will be consecrated as Lord Bishop, in a scarlet robe, adorned with diamonds—this shall be the recompense for your game of chess with Don Guzman."

"Sire," replied Ruy Lopez, "never until to-day have I been satisfied with being beaten at chess."

"And now, my lords," continued Philip, "we invite you all to our royal banquet. Let Don Guzman's cover be placed at our right hand, and the Bishop of Segovia's at our left. Your arm, Don Guzman!"

Original Poetry.

THE WHITE DAISY.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY RICHARD COE, JR.

There is a little, dainty flower,
That lifts its golden eye,
Without a single tinge of shame,
Unshrinking to the sky;
But yet, so sweetly free from art,
It captivates the thoughtful heart!

It gilds the merry month of May,
On August smiles a cheer;
It greets the pale October day,
"The saddest of the year"—
And still an open bosom shows
Amid the cold December snows.

It roams upon the mountain's top,
To catch the morning sun;
It plays about the meadows where
The merry brooklets run;
Upon the forest's solitudes
The pretty daisy's form intrudes.

And ofttimes on the infant's grave
This little flow'ret's found;
Nor aught more fitting thus to bloom
On consecrated ground;
'Tis beautiful without pretence,
An emblem sweet of innocence!

SONGS OF OLD SAYINGS.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

LET IT COME.

Let it come, let it come, there are leaves as green,
There are flowers as bright as ever;
Shall we weep for a love thrown out in vain,
And droop unto death? Oh never!
We live in a world where all that's bright
Dies out with the leaf and blossom,
But leaving a fond and holy light
To rest on the cheek and bosom.

Let it come, let it come; there has never been
A winter that staid forever,—
Shall we forget how the young buds green
With the Spring come forth? Oh never.
Lay a withered rose by the human heart,
And an evergreen beside it,
And ever when Grief claims a larger part,
Oh still with Hope divide it!

Sketches of Russia.

THE CZAR;
His Court, his Camp, and his People.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

EXILE TO SIBERIA.

Exile to Siberia now remains to be considered. To understand this punishment well, a glance at the country itself seems to be necessary. This immense country stretches across the continent of Asia, from an average latitude of about 52 deg. North, to the Frozen Ocean, having Tartary and the Chinese Empire as its Southern boundary. It embraces an area of about two-thirds of the whole of the Russian Empire, whilst its population only amounts to about 2,700,000, or one-twentieth of the entire population thereof. It is a region of intense cold, which increases in severity in the same latitude as you progress eastwardly. From its Southern border to about the 58th or 59th deg. of North latitude, the ordinary products of the same latitude in Europe are found in the more Western parts, but beyond that is barrenness and sterility. For eight months in the year winter reigns supreme throughout; and in the higher regions it is in fact an eternal winter. The face of the country may be divided into four grand divisions: 1st. The low and marshy grounds. 2nd. The Salt Steppes. 3d. Plains of Moderate Elevation. 4th. The mountains, which are uninhabitable.

The low and marshy grounds extend from East to West, between the 60 deg. of latitude and the Frozen Ocean. These vast regions are entirely uncultivated, but on the water courses where the industry of the human race has reared some habitations, dwellings for hunters, who obtain the valuable skins of the finer quality in those high regions, and marts for their sale to merchants from more favored climes. The Russians cannot live there.

The low and Salt Steppes, lying between the Obi and the Tobol, contain the principal part of the population. The land in the Southern part of this region is of a fair quality, and could readily support a more numerous population than now inhabits it.

The plains of moderate elevation lie between the Tobol and the Oural Mountains. The Western part of them is comparatively well peopled, the Eastern has but few inhabitants.

Tobolsk, situated in 58 deg. North latitude, is the capital. The cold is much more severe than in the same latitude in Europe. There is, properly speaking, no spring or autumn. Summer succeeds winter with rapid steps, and as rapidly recedes. A few days suffice to change everything from the chilly aspect of winter to the smiling beauty of summer. What is spring in more favored climes, is here but a season of mud and vapor, caused by the breaking up of the frost and the melting of the snow. This detestable region is the Botany Bay of Russia.

The code of the Czar, Alexis Mikhailowitch, included exile to Siberia as one of its punishments. Transportation, however, did not become a general principle until 1769, or about fifteen years after the death penalty had been abolished. In 1799 a distinction was made among the exiles, some were condemned to civil death, others to more correctional punishments; the former were forced to labor, the latter were simply exiled from their homes. The number of persons in exile, including the Colonists, is usually about 200,000, of whom one-fifth are females. Desertions and escapes are numerous, being about 2,000 a year.

If the Russian Government in adopting this species of punishment originally, intended it as a means of populating these regions, the experiment has been a failure, the population remaining about stationary. It furnishes them, however, with a large number of laborers for the valuable mines lying in the mountains of their Southern frontier.

The number of persons who may be transported by legal decrees to Siberia has been widely extended by an ukase issued by Nicholas years since. It provides that not only those who have been pronounced guilty may be expatriated, but also those, who, though not condemned for want of sufficient proof, have not yet been entirely justified by the witnesses; and also those, who having been cleared, may be sent back to their district designated to the police as suspected persons, may be sent to Siberia if two-thirds of the inhabitants of the district oppose their return among them. And lastly anybody may be sent there whom the will or the caprice of his majesty may designate without any assigned cause, or whom Count Bekendorff and his police may please to distrust.

State criminals or those banished for offences against the State, are usually sent to the North-Eastern part, the most desolate portion of the inhabitable regions. Gross injustice and gross oppression no doubt send many to this dreary country; wherever such a state of serfage and of almost absolute power over the persons of slaves from that of the Emperor over his lords, down to that of the latter over his slaves exists, such must be the case. On the other hand many criminals well worthy of the severest punishment, are there compelled by labor in the mines and other acts, to render some services to the State whose laws they have so grossly outraged.

Moscow is the general rendezvous of all destined for Siberia. Here they are confined in prison until enough are collected, when they are sent forward. To distinguish them and insure against successful attempts at desertion, one-half of their head is shaved, they are dressed in party colored garments and heavily ironed. Sometimes the dreary journey is performed on foot; but usually in open carts or carriages. There is always a strong military escort accompanying the detachments. On arriving in the country but two classes are recognized; those condemned to labor and those simply exiled. The former are chiefly sent to Nertschinsk, a small city in the Government of Irkoutsk, in the midst of a sterile country, but one very rich in mineral productions. Here all are treated alike. Their food consists of bread, water, and salt fish. At night they are confined in houses surrounded by a fortification, heavily ironed and guarded. The cane is their frequent monitor for faults committed or supposed to be. In the morning they go to the mines; still in chains. These are generally subterranean and of great depth. The silver mines at Smeiwgorsk, in the Government of Tomsk, at the foot of Mount Altai, are a perfect labyrinth of galleries, partly cut in the solid rock, and partly sustained by props. The mineral is raised by means of enormous water wheels, which are turned by streams from the adjacent mountains. Others of the condemned are employed at labor on the fortresses, and others in drawing boats on the rivers during the period of navigation.

The second principal class of exiles is divided by article 1,272 of the Russian code into five classes.

Individuals who are destined, after being whipped, to enter as workmen into shops.

Those who are employed in trades or labor requiring vigorous constitutions.

Less robust men who can only serve as domestics.

Those who from their former life and physical strength are judged fit for agricultural purposes.

And finally, those whom a bad constitution or the infirmities of age render incapable of laboring.

The first section acquire, by a year's exemplary conduct, the right to enter the second class, where they learn a trade and in which they remain for six years. They can then be admitted into the third class. Here their probation lasts eight years. If they pass through these proofs satisfactorily they are admitted to the grade of colonists. These last sometimes form villages of their own, sometimes settle among the peasants of the crown, until they can marry and begin a settlement. During the first three years they are exempt from taxation, and during the next seven only pay half the capitation tax of the peasants, and 15 silver kopecks, which go into the common fund for the exiles. At the end of these ten years they are admitted among the crown peasants, with the assent of the latter, and pay the usual tax.

The name of Colonist or *poselentsi* is applied to those just described, to individuals without titles or distinguishing professions, and to serfs transported by the will of their lords. The Colonists are chiefly located in the districts around Tobolsk. A tract of uncultivated land is assigned to them, and they go to work, as do the settlers in our North-Western wilds, to clear the land of the immense forests upon it. They frequently suffer great hardships, as do our frontier settlers, the difference, however, being, that in the one case the settlement is voluntary, in the other compulsive.—The number of Colonists was computed in 1840, at 135,000. Matrimony is much encouraged among them, and between the male and female peasants of the crown and them, presents being made to them by the Government on the happening of such events, to start them in life.

So many exiles of distinction and education have been sent to Siberia, that in Tobolsk, for example, a society may be found far superior, not only to what might be looked for in such a place, but even to that of much more considerable towns. As a special mark of favor, the families of exiles are often allowed to accompany them. The rebels of 1825 after being exiled, were treated with lenity by Nicholas. Instead of being condemned to the mines, light tasks were put upon them, as planting trees, watering flowers, and the light work attendant on horticultural pursuits. Their wives were allowed to correspond with their relatives at home, and they received many necessaries and even luxuries from St. Petersburg; but these instances are rare.

Banishment to Siberia is, under any aspect, a dreadful punishment. The long wearisome journey—the absence from all most dear—the ignorance concerning the fate of dearest relatives—the bleak and desolate country, and when to these is added labor in the mines, the whole forms a picture, the prospect of realizing which in one's own person is enough to blanch the firmest cheek and make the stoutest heart to quail. The phrase *unfortunate* is that which is universally applied in Russia to persons condemned to that country. The stipend supplied by Government also is so miserably small, to those who are simply condemned, that unless they have some other means at their command, they can barely procure the necessaries of life, and those too of the very rudest kind.

"Exile in Siberia," says the Abbe Chappe d'Auteroche, "carries with it a kind of reprobation; it renders a man so unfortunate, that although he lives in the midst of his fellows, everybody avoids him; no one dare have intercourse with him, but less on account of the crime attributed to him than from fear of the despot."

The local authorities of Siberia inflict certain regulated punishments on the exiles who commit offences. Those on criminals condemned to labor are proportionately more severe, than those on simple exiles. The code is before us, but our limits forbid more than to say, that for the vast majority of offences of any seriousness, the everlasting whip and knout are the main punishments. The amounts inflicted vary from a few blows with the cane, to the most severe punishment with the knout. Desertion is one of the most aggravated crimes, and punished, if the offender is taken, with the greatest severity—and yet, as we have above stated, an official document gives the number of deserters at two thousand annually. This, when we consider the difficulty of escape, of itself shows the horrors of Siberian exile.

The general character of these sketches, forbids entering into more details upon this theme, and we must be content with the bird's eye view given. Very much of an interesting character has necessarily been omitted on that account. Very many distinguished persons of both sexes, have passed many dreary years in its hospitable wastes, of whom numerous interesting accounts can be found. These we omit with other like matter.

Our Picture Gallery.

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

The above engraving of Washington's Head-Quarters at Cambridge, near Boston, is taken from the "Military Heroes of the Revolution." The building is still standing, and is occupied by the poet Longfellow.

Selected Sketch.

INDIAN EXPERTNESS.
FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The natives of India have for ages been noted for their extraordinary personal activity and ingenuity—qualities which fit them for being the most expert thieves and jugglers in the world. The performances of London or Parisian freebooters sink to nothing in comparison with the daring feats of the Dacoits of Hindostan, from whom in all probability the wandering gipsies of Europe drew their origin. The stories told of Dacoits are almost too marvellous to be credited. When sleeping in your tent, the experienced Dacoit will not scruple to burrow in the earth, in order to obtain an entrance, unseen by the sentinel at the door; or swimming down the river in the night, his head covered with an earthen vessel, he will glide unnoticed under the windows of your budgerow, and noiselessly creeping in at the window, make off with everything you have, while you and your family are indulging in a pleasant nap; and finally, when caught and condemned to death, he will walk straight up to a piece of artillery, and pressing his chest against its muzzle, allow himself, without a struggle, or even a look of regret, to be blown into atoms—a death inflicted in the field on Dacoits and other marauders.

One would think that the Hindoo must have a constitutional aptitude for theft, his body is so slim, yet so muscular, his motions so snake-like, his agility so astonishing. In fact, after a little practice, he is like a man made of India-rubber, and seems to proceed without the slightest reference to the fragility of any part of his frame. Mr. Fane tells us that, at Delhi, he saw several fellows jumping sheer down into a well *ninety feet* deep, in pursuit of a rupee thrown in to tempt them. There was a slanting passage on the opposite side, by which they got out again; but the perpendicular plunge was the feat expected, and this they performed again and again with the utmost readiness, men and boys rushing in emulation, each anxious to be the first to spring into the abyss after the prize.

Mr. Tennant supposes that the superiority of the Hindoos in feats of agility and legerdemain arises from their pursuing these arts as a distinct and constant (and he might have added hereditary) profession. However this may be, he tells us that their doings surpass all credibility. In balancing, for instance, which is an effort of skill without the possibility of deception, a man frequently places five of the common earthenware water-pots, one over the other, upon his head, and a girl climbing to the uppermost, he dances with this extraordinary coiffure round the field. On another occasion, "the same person balances a pole of sixteen feet long, the bottom of which is fixed into a thick cotton sash or girdle, another man gets upon his back, and from thence runs up the pole, his hands aiding his feet, with the nimbleness of a squirrel. He then proceeds first to extend himself on the pole upon his belly, and then upon his back, his legs and arms both times spread out. He next throws himself horizontally from the pole, which is all the while balanced on the girdle, holding only by his arms. This attitude among the tumblers is called the flag. Thirdly, he stands upon his head on the top of the pole, holding below the summit with his hands. Finally, he throws himself from this last position backwards down the pole, holding by his hands, then turns over again, holding by his feet; and this is repeated over and over till he reaches the ground. These, and a thousand other feats, constitute the amusement of the idle and the subsistence of a numerous class of strollers."

The most beautiful of all the feats performed by Indian jugglers, is the well known tossing of six balls, which are sustained in the air, or made to revolve round the head, by a dexterous and gentle touch of the hand. This is anything but an intellectual exhibition. There is in it no pretension to legerdemain, no deception of the eyes. It is a feat of honest skill, and to the thoughtful in philosophically curious. It demonstrates an extraordinary calculation as to keeping time, and shows perhaps more than anything else the power of concentrating the mind on a single subject of thought. We feel assured that the mountebank who can perform the clever manoeuvre of making half a dozen balls spin round his person, possesses a capacity which, well-directed, might lead to much higher things.

It is unfortunate, from the state of society in India, that personal expertness should so much take a furtive direction. Dacoitism may be said to be carried the length of a science, for in its higher professors it disdains theft on a mean or bungling scale of operation. Colonel Davidson mentions the case of a Dacoit who had stolen a man's garments from under his head, severing with a knife a part of the article which was either entangled or purposely fastened to the pillow. "This," says he "was a mere bungler, and, I am persuaded, an apprentice without experience or talent. The scientific mode is well known: when it is necessary to make a sleeping man turn on his other side, you tickle his opposite ear with a straw till he obeys, and then a dexterous pull secures the booty. It is in this way that many excellent English gentlemen awake in the morning without mattress, blanket, or sheet either above or below them; having at the same time a favorite terrier asleep under their beds, and a pair of detonating pistols under their pillows."

Broughton describes a less "clumsy" theft committed in the Mahratta camp, of which he gives a life like picture. A tent was entered in which fourteen men were sleeping, two of them at the door with drawn swords by their sides. The thieves, nothing daunted by the crowd, made use of the swords to cut their way into the tent, and picking their steps among the sleepers, possessed themselves of the property they coveted. On another occasion, one of the maha-rajah's finest horses was carried off by a fellow, who, observing the rider dismount, and give the bridle into the hands of the attendant, darted forward, severed the reins with his sword, and galloped off in an instant.

The following instance of Dacoitism, illustrative of our subject, was related to us by a gentleman long resident in India:—

General S——, who considered himself able to out manœuvre any Dacoit in Bengal, had given orders to pursue and bring before him, a thief whose misdemeanors had warranted the severest punishment. The poor Dacoit was caught and brought up for examination. He was a fine specimen of the East Indian race. Of a clear brown, every feature of the most perfect mould, and with a form of exquisite symmetry and proportion, he now stood, nothing daunted, before the chief whose breath was to decide his fate.

"You are a Dacoit?"

"I am."

"You are aware that the crimes you have been guilty of are punishable by death?"

"If such be my *nuseeb* (destiny,) I am prepared to meet it."

"Would you avoid it?"

"Decidedly."

"Well, then, listen. Scarcely a night passes that several of our cavalry horses are not stolen, in spite of our constant vigilance, in spite of sentinels, and every other precaution, they are carried off. Do you know how this is effected?"

"I do."

"Well, then, on one condition your life shall be spared: show us the mode in which these extraordinary robberies are committed, and I will not only set you free, but give you one hundred rupees."

The Dacoit almost sneered at the offer of the bribe; but after a moment's pause, he replied, "I am ready."

"Bravo!" cried S——, well pleased. "Now we'll get at the secret. Let the captains and officers commanding troops be ordered instantly to attend at my stable tent to see the trick, and be able to guard against it. Desire two cavalry soldiers and two grooms also to be there; and let them make haste, for I am all impatience to see the feat performed."

In a quarter of an hour all was prepared. A very spirited and valuable horse of the general's was selected for the trial, one that allowed none save his master or his feeder to approach him. But the robber rather exulted in this, as he declared it would the better display his dexterity.

In the first place, the horse was tethered, as all cavalry horses in the field in India are, beneath an open tent, his fore legs being each made fast by a rope to a staple in the ground. The hind legs were similarly secured. A groom lay on one side of him, a grass-cutter (forager) on the other. The soldier to whom he was supposed to belong was stretched immediately behind him, and another very near, with orders that if they could in any way detect, by noise or touch, the tread of the robber, they were instantly to start up and seize him. Till then, they were to close their eyes and affect to sleep.

The Dacoit, on the other hand, threw himself on the grass, and, like a snake, crawled up to the first guard, and lay quietly beside him for a moment, to ascertain if he were asleep; then gently rising over him, he crept between the groom and the horse, till he actually lay beneath the spirited animal, which, extraordinary to say, never attempted to stir. With the greatest nicety he undid one of the hind tethers, or spansills, then one of the fore; then he paused awhile, and the horse stirred not. He then undid, with great care and nicety, the other two, and creeping out between his fore legs, managed to substitute a native bridle for the head-stall. The spectators were lost in admiration, particularly the old general, whose praise was unbounded. But still the most difficult part of the task remained to be done—namely, to get the horse away. This was effected by turning him round. The Dacoit now quickly raised himself up by his arms, and the next moment was on the animal's back. Then walking him up to his supposed guard, the horse stepped over his legs, which were close together, and in the next instant he stood clear of all impediment, when the ingenious rider struck both his heels into him, and set off down the lines in a hand gallop.

General S—— was pleased beyond expression with the man's address; and though he hardly knew how to guard against such expert thieves, yet he now saw the modes employed by the robbers, and it might be possible to invent some means to thwart them.

In the meantime the adroit native had arrived at the extreme outskirts of the camp, when the General, who began to think he had shown them enough of the skill, called on him to come back. "None are so deaf as those who will not hear." From that moment to the hour of his death, the worthy commander never saw his favorite charger, and what was still worse, he was ever afterwards bound to blush at his own simplicity whenever the word "Dacoit" was mentioned in his presence.

Numerous villages in Central India are entirely peopled by Dacoits, who carry their depredations westward to the banks of the Indus, and southward to Bombay and Madras. In our own territories, Colonel Sleeman says there are likewise whole colonies of them, a thousand such families being located in the Upper Doab alone. The landholders and police officers frequently make large fortunes by their share of the spoil; and thus robbery is a very safe business when carried on at some distance from home. But independently of the venality of the functionaries, it is extremely difficult—in some cases impossible—to get witnesses to appear; and this state of things must continue till the modes of justice are drawn closer, and men are not ruined by the loss of time attending a prosecution. Till then, the wonderful ingenuity of a considerable portion of the Hindoos must continue to be turned towards the arts of knavery, instead of enriching their country by such masterpieces of industry as the famous muslins of Dacca, which have not yet been surpassed even by the science of Europe.

YOUNG HEARTS.—If we all had hearts like those which beat so lightly in the bosoms of the young and beautiful, what a heaven this earth would be! If, while our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their early youth and freshness, of what avail would be our sorrows and sufferings! But the faint image of Eden, which is stamped upon them in childhood, chafes and rubs in our rough struggles with the world, and soon wears; too often to leave nothing but a mournful blank remaining.

☞ An honest Hibernian recently invented a tea-pot with two spouts, the one exactly opposite the other, for the convenience of pouring out two cups at the same time.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia: SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

OUR PREMIUM.

We are afraid that our subscribers generally are not bearing in mind our premium offer (made in our Prospectus) to the Post Office sending us the largest number of subscribers. Nothing can be lost by endeavoring to win the premium, while whatever office succeeds will have its papers sent for nothing.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

AN IMPOSTOR.

An individual who signs his name as Henry B. Patterson, has been passing himself off as an agent of the Post, in Tennessee. All genuine agents have credentials, and they are happy to show them. Henry B. Patterson has no credentials, and is an impostor.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

The following are the provisions of the new "bill to regulate postage on newspapers, &c.," reported from the Committee on the Post Office, and read twice and committed to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union:

1. All newspapers not exceeding 1,900 square inches in size, (sent "by the editors or publishers thereof,") to go free for 30 miles; for any distance beyond 30 and not exceeding 100 miles,—or within the limits of the State,—½ cent; for more than 100 miles (except within the State) 1 cent. Papers exceeding 1,900 square inches are to be changed by weight, like magazines and pamphlets.
2. Papers of a less size than 500 square inches, for 30 miles, free,—and for all distances exceeding 30 miles, a uniform rate of ¼ cent.
3. Printed and lithographed circulars, handbills, &c., on single sheets not exceeding single cap size, *unsealed*, for all distances, 1 cent per sheet.
4. Pamphlets, magazines, periodicals, &c.,—2 cents per copy, if not exceeding 1 ounce,—and 1 cent additional for every additional ounce,—for all distances.
5. Publishers' exchange copies, free.
6. Newspapers, handbills and circulars (of one sheet) "not sent from the office of publication,"—2 cents, pre-paid.

The above is the most equitable bill which has ever been before Congress, and we trust it will before long become the law of the land. We say *equitable*, for we do not consider it, except in one respect, *liberal*. Even at one cent—the rate out of the limits of the State and over 100 miles—the postage on a weekly paper is out of all proportion to its price. We get up a paper of the size and quality of the Post, we pay paper makers, compositors, clerks, rent, &c., &c., and charge our subscribers from one to two dollars a year; while the Government, simply for carrying it, charges 52 cents a year. This high rate of postage operates as a direct bar to the increase of circulation—but it seems to us that a Free Government should encourage, as far as it constitutionally can, the reading of these great unbound volumes which give form to the history of the present age, as fast as it becomes history, and contain a vast deal of information upon all subjects, calculated to refine and instruct the hearts and minds of the people. Newspapers, like the schoolmaster, may sometimes inculcate wrong notions of things, but what instrumentalities on the whole, are more conducive to the general good? Now if the States may constitutionally and properly encourage schools and colleges, may they not also encourage that teacher and counsellor of grown men and women, the newspaper? The States have parted with their power over the Post Office, through which alone they could most properly give that encouragement—but the National Government, in accepting the power, also accepted its responsibilities and its duties.

Now the press ask merely that legislation should keep pace with the age. Publishers are prepared to send five papers where they now send one; they are able to hold out inducements to the people to subscribe, both as to price and quality, such as were never held out before. They now come before Congress, and ask a reduction in postage, promising to make it up in a degree, in the amount of mailed matter. As to the extent of that reduction at the present time, it matters but little. We should be satisfied, for the present, with the passage of the bill to whose provisions we have alluded. We are willing that a cautious Cave Johnson should feel his way—we are willing to forget for a while that if newspapers were carried at the usual freight or passenger rates, the postage would be nearer one-eighth of a cent, than one cent—we, for one, are willing to be thankful to Congress for small favors, and to print in the largest kind of letters the names of all those members who vote for the new law.

WORTH TRYING.

The Pittsburg Post says that a large number of workmen in the different rolling mills in and about that city have it in contemplation to erect a new iron establishment—furnishing their own capital, conducting their own business, and sharing the profits equally.

It is proposed that two hundred persons, practical workmen, should combine their capital, skill, and energy, and form a company, to be governed by rules and regulations of their own adoption. Each member shall furnish $500, to be put into the general fund, which will make in the aggregate a capital of $100,000 with which to commence business. Each member of the association will have a particular branch assigned to him—all will be actively employed—there will be no drones or idlers.

They propose also to establish in connection with the manufacture of iron of all kinds, a sheet tin manufactory—of which latter there are none in the United States. The block tin, which is imported principally from Peru, forms about 10 per cent. of the ingredients of the sheet; the balance being iron, of course the manufacture will not be so difficult as some suppose.

We think the plan of a workmen's joint stock company is worth trying, again and again—but we have not the most extravagant hopes of its present success. The workmen may think they will gain much by having "no drones or idlers;" but if they call the owners and managers of such establishments under the old system, "drones and idlers," because they do but little hand work, they will find that they will have to depute to some of their own number a similar part, or else find themselves going behindhand. And here, we think, is precisely the rock upon which such associations will generally split. Every man will wish to be "boss," and that is impossible, even were all capable of being so. Even in a Republican Government, we have to choose a master for four years. If such a company, however, have the sense to choose their best men to do the managing part of the business for them, they will find that men able to do that managing, will not be satisfied with common wages. Head work will always claim higher wages than hand work, and will always get it.

If, however, the association in question does not split upon this point, and if its members are sober, sensible, and not visionary men, we do not see why it should not moderately prosper, and divide a fair dividend, on the average, between the members, over and above the wages paid to them.—Certainly we wish it may be so, for the success of such movements would testify more strongly than perhaps anything else, to the increasing intelligence of those who are called rather indefinitely and obscurely, the "*laboring classes*" of society.

KISSING.

A young gentleman of Buffalo was recently fined fifteen dollars and costs for kissing a young married lady of that city against her desire and consent. The culprit's defence will give common, everyday people an insight into the manners and customs of the "first water circles." He pleaded that among the aristocracy and higher classes, *to which he belonged*, such liberties were permitted by the married ladies. The Court, however—probably not belonging to the "first circles"—would not recognize the excuse as satisfactory. We regret though, that the fine was not fifty dollars instead of fifteen. This kissing young ladies, and especially married ladies, against their will, should be regarded by the Courts as a high crime and misdemeanor, and punished accordingly. A man guilty of such an offence should also be fined something additional for being a fool; for a kiss, of all things in the world, is only valuable in proportion as it is a "free gift."

GENERAL SCOTT.

Gen. Scott, and some members of his Staff, arrived at New York on the 21st, in the brig St. Petersburgh, from Vera Cruz.

THE FRENCH WOMEN.

A number of the Parisian women, it is said, have organized themselves into a society to effect the "emancipation of women." What the women want, it is rather difficult to determine; but it appears evident that they are determined upon a change of some kind, in these days of [illegible]. In order to accomplish their purposes, they sought of course to influence the elections. In their circular they [illegible] and tact. They advised women to influence their husband's votes, in the following words:

"One succeeds in political matters by the same means as in all others.

"Whatever course you adopt to win a bracelet or any favor which you wish from your husband, take the same course to secure his vote.

"Only remember that no efforts must be spared. If it is necessary to make use of nervous attacks, menaces, dramatic scenes, do not hesitate a moment. Think that if your power is illimitable your duties are also."

Old candidates were proscribed by the circular. It says: "The representatives you elect should be *young*—there should be no men of the past; their hearts are dead, their souls petrified. Proscribe them, even when they make the most beautiful protestations. You know that it is not safe to trust to the promises of age, grown calculating and full of prejudice.

"From twenty-five to thirty is the best age. And it is possible to find good men of thirty-five, but *beyond that age there is no candidate for us*."

Whether the women succeeded in electing candidates favorable to what they call the "holy cause of the political and social rights of women," is not yet known. We shall lay the result at the earliest possible period before our readers.

LATE CHANGES.

Some months ago, we were thinking of the policy of effecting a small insurance upon our life—a thing, by the way, which few men, in this fluctuating world, should neglect—when the question naturally arose in what office to insure. Now a London Company has been using much exertion to get customers in this country, and the terms offered by it are so liberal, that many of our citizens have embraced them. We were strongly advised to do the same; but we had a shrinking from it. We disliked, in the first place, to insure in a British Company, when there were plenty of American ones, of undoubted solvency. Again, we had vague fears of a possible war. On the whole, we concluded not to deal with the foreigners. At that time, it was only a few months ago, any one who had expressed doubts as to the permanency of the whole financial system of England, would have been laughed at. But the momentous changes on the Continent of Europe since then, and the consequent impulse communicated to the oppressed classes of Great Britain—the earthquake and its rockings—have thrown great doubt over the safety of every British investment. For the capital of English Bankers, and Financial Companies of all kinds, is so connected with the National finances, that the repudiation, even for a short time, of the national debt, would give a fatal shock to the whole of them. The conclusion we come to, is, that it is very foolish as well as unpatriotic, for Americans to invest funds beneath the shadow of the unstable institutions of Monarchy and Aristocracy. When earthquakes begin to rock, beware the neighborhood of palaces.

THE FOURIERITES.

The Fourierites complain that they are identified by the press with the Communists, in speaking of the late attempt in France on the part of the latter to overthrow the Provisional Government. They say that their principles are very different from those of the Communists. The Fourierites are in favor of dividing the proceeds of their "Phalanxes," in the proportion of five-twelfths to capital, four-twelfths to labor, and three-twelfths to skill. The Communists wish an equal division of the proceeds of industry, without regard to either capital or skill, and, if we are not mistaken, without much regard to the amount of labor either. The Fourierites recognize individual property, in the shape of shares in the Association—the Communists do not. We are not certain, however, but that the principles, or rather the great central principle of the Fourierites conceals as in a germ, more wickedness and excess of all kinds, than any principle of the Communists. If it be what after considerable examination we think it is, and which may be summed up in two words, "Indulge thyself!"—just the opposite principle, in fact, to that laid down by the Saviour, "Deny, restrain thyself!"—we think it a terribly mischievous one. If we are mistaken, however, in thus stating the great leading principle of Fourier's system, the corner-stone upon which all is legitimately built, we must say that it is a mistake which any one who reads Albert Brisbane's work on Fourierism (which is "*canonical*," we believe) can hardly avoid falling into.

LAMARTINE'S VIEWS.

In the reply of M. Lamartine to an address presented to the Provisional Government by the Society of Political Economy, he gave an exposition of his views, from which we take the following sentences, that will enable our readers to catch a slight glimpse of where he stands. Although no Communist nor Fourierite, Lamartine evidently is awake to what promises to become the great question of the Age—the "Reorganization of Labor." He said:

Ancient science tended only to render individuals wealthy, but our new science will apply itself to make the entire people rich. Among the theories which are presented to attain this object there are some false, some doubtful, and some true. It is for you to precede the Government in enlightening it in the choice of practical means to excite labor, and to raise the condition of the masses without diminishing the well-being of manufacturers and landed proprietors, and, particularly, without interfering with the free employment of capital, which disappears as soon as its independence is menaced.

To conciliate property, that foundation of family, that source of population, that emulation of agriculture, with the liberty of labor, and the increase of wages—such is the problem—any other is an error—it is a subversion in place of an amelioration. The Republic was not created to destroy, but to ameliorate the conditions of labor and property. Make it your study to resolve this problem in the spirit of the new and regular Republic which France will have, and forget not that in order to solve it, one Divine principle, which sanctifies all others, must be inscribed above all our theories—God, the people and fraternity.

OATHS.

After the examination of the credentials of a number of the members of the new French Assembly, the following scene took place:

M. Demosthenes Ollivier rose and demanded that, after the admission of every member, he should mount the tribune, and there, in presence of the assembly, take the oath of allegiance to the Republic. A number of members here interrupted the speaker, crying: "The oath is abolished!" "By whom?" asked M. Ollivier. "By the Provisional Government." "What," continued M. Ollivier, "do you place the power of the Provisional Government above that of the National Assembly?" (Cries, "The oath is abolished and for ever.")

M. Cremieux, the Minister of Justice, then rose and said that the oath of allegiance had been the occasion of so much scandal during the last sixty years, and had excited such universal indignation, that the Provisional Government had thought proper to abolish it. The oath of every true republican, added the minister, is in his heart, and not on his lips.

The assembly received this declaration of the Minister with great applause and ratified, by its unanimous approbation, the measure adopted by the Provisional Government, amid deafening cries of "*Vive la Republique*" and "*Vive le Gouvernment Provisoire*."

BARBARISM.

The wreck of a Japanese junk was recently fallen in with by the whale ship James Murray. For seven months it and its crew had been drifting upon the waters. The original number of the crew was seventeen, but when Captain Poole discovered them they were reduced to *four*, and in a famishing condition. The crew had drawn lots for some time past as to who should be killed and eaten; the one upon whom the lot fell, if able, fighting for his life, and in some instances succeeding in killing one of the others, in which case the murdered man was first eaten. The survivors were shockingly scarred with dirk and knife wounds, as if their lives had been often attempted by their companions. Capt. Poole kept them on board his ship for thirty-six days, and then put them on board some fishing boats, close in shore, about lat. 40 N. They were exceedingly grateful, and manifested much emotion on leaving the whaler.

In reading the above, we could not but perceive the difference between the civilized man and the barbarian. Reduced to such extremities, the civilized man, even in the savageness of famished nature, still adheres to rule, to law. Whoever the lot goes against must die. There is no secret stabbing—all is as open and fair as it is horrible. But with the savage, all is disorder, treachery and assassination. Truly, order gives a kind of beauty by contrast, even to what is most horrible and infernal.

THE MADISON PAPERS.

We perceive the House of Representatives has passed a bill for the purchase of the "Madison Papers." We thought the "Madison Papers" had already been purchased—at least such of them as concerned the nation. Before the Senate also passes the bill, we hope it will take care to provide that this last batch shall include the whole of the lot. We know very little about the matter, but it seems rather small featured on the face of it.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A sketch of Mr. Adams was taken by J. Stansbury, a few hours previous to the death of the veteran statesman. An engraving taken from the sketch is now for sale by T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut st. Price 50 cents.

HAYTI.

The black population of Hayti have risen against the mulattoes. A large number of the latter are said to have been massacred. The origin of the quarrel is still involved in uncertainty.

A CAPITAL LETTER.

Our readers will remember that it was currently reported, and by some, believed, that Louis Philippe had arrived in the United States, under the assumed name of Patterson. The New York Sun, in particular, boldly asserted that such was the fact—and afterwards promulgated an inquiry as to the whereabouts of this Andrew Egalite Patterson. This inquiry drew forth the following letter, which is one of the best pieces of burlesque we have seen for a long time. The [illegible] style of a Frenchman but moderately acquainted with the English language, is admirably imitated:

"I have seen in your papier very respectable, dat you have announce, as arrive from France in ze steam paquet, Monsieur Andrew Egalite Patterson. Et, Monsieur, you have make one fun wiz de name of Mons. Patterson—dat is not my name monsieur, but by gar, *mon nom*, it is Vattreson, Monsieur, Viscont ze Philippe or ze Egalite.

"I have de gran misfortune, ver mushe resemble *le gran tyran*, Louis Philipe;—because of dat, I am myself force to fly from my *patrie*. In evree place, all *avenu*, all ze time, ze *gamins* and ze *sans culottes* of Paris dey take me for ze *ci-devant* king—by dam.

"Eh! vat vill I do?—I no can sleep—I no can eat at ze cafe—I no can promenade on ze *boulevards*—I no can visit at ze theatre—I no can do nothing—evree boddy, he say dere go ze daguerreotype *vivant* or Louis Philippe.

"*Eh bien*, monsieur, I say to myself I shall go distract, what you call in *Amerique*, crazie. I never can exist, not no more, en France. I rushe to my *cabinet*—I seize one *pistolet*—I go to blow my stupid head to tousand million pieces! *Mais, Monsieur*, at dat moment, I see pass before my *hotel*, de *soldats*, wid de *musique*, and he play very *magnifique*, ze Yankee Doodle. *Ah ha! monsieur c'est ca*, I tink *tout de suite*, of *l'Amerique*, *Eh bien* I never be trouble dere bout Louis Philippe. I trow my pistolet *au feu*. I take my depart from Paris. I go my self abord ze Britannia and I come to dis contree.

"*Ze passengers on* ze Steam-a-bont, evree von he say dat I am Louis Philippe—sacre!—dey salute me, all ze time, evree day,—*votre majeste, bon jour*,—you take glass wine, you majestie,—ver beautiful day, you majestie;—it tousand time more bad as Paris.

"*En suite*, Monsieur, I arrive;—I land my self at de Jersee Citee,—by gar all de same evree body he come run see fast from New Yorek, for see Louis Philippe—you *papier* he say he voo arrive,—by gar dey all come see. I vas *distract*,—*furieux*—I go mad vis *colere*.

"*Mais*, monsieur, I make escape myself in von *carosse* to Bordentowne—den I say—ah ha! *mon brave*, you all safe now, you see nobody, noting; you nevere hear zat name so *odieuse*, so horrible—zat name which I nevare can *pronounce*.

"I nevare looke in ze glasse, zat I nevare may see ze visage horrible like ze *ci-devant* king—von monsieur I vas astonish—I vas *accomble de douleurs*, I was enraged to see in your papier ze terrible question—vere is Andrew Philippe Egalite Patterson?

"I tremble vis rage, and I am myself come to New Yorek, to make explanation for evree body, dat I am myself not Louis Philippe, *mais*, monsieur, dat I am some oder personne.

"Vill you den, monsieur, say to the peoples, dat I nevare vas king, dat I am not Louis Philippe, and dat he is von oder gentilhomme.

"Monsieur, Je vous salute,

"ANDREW VATTRESON."

ADDRESS TO IRISHMEN.

The Executive Committee of the Friends of Ireland in this city, have issued an Address to the Friends of Ireland throughout the State, appealing to them,

"To rush to the rescue, and rally to save,
If you boast but one drop of the blood of the brave."

The Committee say that they ask not the breaking of any law, or the sacrificing of any principle of duty to this country. The following is the conclusion of the Address:

Ireland can be assisted without the commission of a single wrongful act. Call meetings, collect funds, and, if a more appropriate channel does not present itself to your consideration, forward them to the Chairman of our Finance Committee, or the Treasurer of this Committee, whose address is given below—American citizens selected for their probity and respectability, and who will see that the best use is made of your subscriptions; do this, and when Ireland is free, the trouble you have had will be more than compensated, in having aided to raise a country, surrounded and hallowed by so many chivalric and heroic influences—so many generous and romantic associations—from a debasing thraldom to the dignity and destiny of a free nation.

Robt. Tyler,	Jos. R. Chandler,
Francis Tiernan,	Wm. Dickson,
John B. Colahan,	James Fay,
James Gibbons,	John W. Forney,
Wm. H. Dunn,	John W. Stapler,
Jos. Dimond,	P. M. O'Brian,
John Killion,	John Binns,
Chas. D. Lyebrand,	Miles D. Sweeny,
Dennis Mealy,	Barotho. K[illegible],
James McCann,	Cor. McCauley.
John Maguire,	

N. B.—Please address Francis Tiernan, Esq., Chairman of Finance Committee, or James McCann, Esq., Treasurer of Executive Committee, Philadelphia.

VIRGINIA LANDS.

A correspondent writes to us from New Manchester, Brooke county, Va., under date of May 15th, as follows:

Gentlemen:—I saw the following article in your paper of the 29th of April, 1848:—"In Western Virginia it is advertised that a man of family who will move on, can have fifty acres of land for nothing. The settler having the privilege of buying from the owner 100 or more acres adjoining, at $1 00 per acre, payable in two, three and four years."

Upon the reception of this letter be so obliging as to publish in your next paper in what county or counties this land lies in Western Virginia, and who is the owner or the agent to dispose of said lands. This information would be highly appreciated by me and by my neighbors, as I cannot find any paper published in this part of Virginia containing the information sought for.

Your immediate attention to this request will be a particular favor, not to be forgotten. A. H.

The article to which our correspondent refers, was copied from another paper. We therefore are not able to answer his question; but we publish his letter, in order that any of our readers who possesses the required information may furnish it.

YUCATAN.

The following are the terms of the Treaty entered into between the Yucatan Government, and Pat, the leader of the Insurgent Indians:—1st. Pat shall be Governor for life of the Indians of Yucatan; 2nd. D. Miguel Barbachano shall be Governor for life of the whites of the State; 3rd. Twenty-five hundred muskets taken from the Indians before the war, shall be given up to Pat; 4th. All debts due by the Indians to their masters shall be forgiven; 5th. Unoccupied lands which have been sold by the Government, shall be again held in common; 6th. No personal tax shall be paid in Yucatan; 7th. [This article provides that the *derecho de estola* shall be reduced. We do not know the nature of the impost. Possibly the article would throw open offices in the Church more widely to the Indian population.]

It may be well to state that "Pat" is not of Irish descent, as some might suppose. Pat is said to be a genuine Indian name.

IRISH LANDLORDS.

The hearts of the Irish land-owners seem to be composed of such very hard materials, that really we do not wonder the people despair of softening them in any other way, than by the force last of insurrection. They still continue, in many parts of the island, to "evict" their tenants, turning them out of their cottages, that they may have the land for grazing farms, and leaving the wretched tenantry to die on the road-side with hunger and disease. A correspondent of the Cork Examiner states that Mr. Longfield, of Castlemoney, has ejected seventy-three families within the last few months, from his estate between Cloyne and Ballycotton. The houses are levelled, and the lands remain uncultivated. There is famine in the land. What wonder!

"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart!
He does not feel for man!"

UNSATISFACTORY.

What an unsettled, unsatisfactory world this is—the Court of Inquiry did not succeed, after all, in settling to the satisfaction of every one, that Gen. Pillow really did "kill a Mexican." Gen. Scott contends he did not, and impeaches the testimony of Private Ayres, who says he saw him do it. But then we must remember that it has been repeatedly doubted even that Col. Johnson killed Tecumseh. Little doubts, however, must not be allowed to stand in the way on such occasions. The Mexican was killed, that is one fact, certain. Gen. Pillow took possession of his horse, that is another fact, equally certain. Now, if Gen. Pillow did not kill "that Mexican officer," who did kill him?

FEMALE RIGHTS.

"Give an inch, and they'll take an ell," is an old proverb, and therefore we are not surprised to see the following quoted by a contemporary from the columns of the "Pittsburg Saturday Visiter," edited by a lady:

"A lady has a right to kiss anybody she pleases, and it is nobody's business but her husband's, and not much of his either if he thinks so!"

Perhaps, though, the fair editor of the Visiter means that a lady has a right to kiss whom she pleases, because a *lady* never pleases to kiss anybody whom she has not a right to kiss.

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

The new Republic has been officially recognized by our Government, through Mr. Rush. There was quite a "demonstration" of good will to this country, when Mr. Rush presented his credentials. The American minister made a speech, to which Lamartine replied. The latter concluded his address with the assertion that, "*Every Frenchman has for the Americans the heart of Lafayette!*" Altogether, it was quite a *fraternizing* time.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Rev. J. A., of Princeton, N. J., says:

"Will you please credit me with one year's subscription to my old 'family piece,' the Saturday Evening Post? *I have taken the paper for sixteen years, and never found it better than at the present time.* Go on and prosper."

A lady writes to us from Frederick county, Md., as follows:

Gentlemen:—Excuse my procrastination in not having forwarded ere this my subscription to your invaluable family paper; in this neglect I feel that I have been the greater sufferer, for ever since it has been stopped it seems as though some dear *familiar face* were wanting in the family circle.

Your strict attention in fulfilling your promises with regard to the purity and delicacy of your selections, has made me your best friend in our neighborhood, and of this you would be made sensible in a more profitable way, were our neighbors more wealthy. We have discontinued many papers, because they were the intelligencers of too much crime and depravity to place in the hands of our daughters and sons, but, when yours reaches us, there is an eager eye for the first reading, and no anxiety pervades our hearts as to its evil results.

Accept, gentlemen, my warmest approbation, and please excuse my negligence; it shall not happen again I assure you.

Such missives as the above, and we are happy to say that we receive many of them, are like a fresh breeze and the perfume of roses along our path. Generally, of course, we take no public notice of them; but those that write them must not think for that reason that we respond to them, in spirit, the less warmly. It is our ambition to make the Post a welcome weekly guest in the family circles of our subscribers—yes, more than a mere guest, a loved and valued friend; and pleasant indeed is it, when we find we have succeeded.

TERRIBLE.

A man named Pinkham, a ship-carpenter, in Edgecomb, Maine, recently killed his wife and four children, and then cut his own throat. He was about 35 years of age, the oldest child about twelve. Both husband and wife were victims of the Miller delusion, and they left a statement, in the handwriting of both, setting forth that they had become tired of life—that there was nothing in prospect for them worth living for, and that they had mutually agreed upon the destruction of themselves and children; requesting that their bodies might be deposited in a stone tomb.

The wife, when found, was in bed, partially undressed, the eyes open, as if she was awake at the moment of decapitation. The children were also in bed, probably sleeping unconscious of any danger.

We publish this to show the danger of these delusions. Millerism has already numbered its hundreds of victims.

AN AMERICAN CITY.

Mr. Leonard, the Alms House Commissioner of New York city, in his report to the city authorities, mentions some startling facts. He says that five thousand three hundred and sixty-eight persons are supported as paupers or prisoners, at the different city institutions, and that forty-four thousand, five hundred and seventy-two persons have claimed and received the relief of the public authorities as out-door poor. Taking into consideration the thousands sustained by private charity, by churches, benevolent societies, &c., he estimates that not less than one hundred thousand persons, or one-fourth of the whole population, is supported wholly or in part by charity and alms.

We do not wonder that men turn Fourierites, Communists, Shaking Quakers, or anything else, when such is the state of things, in the nineteenth century, in an American city.

New Publications.

The John Donkey.—Last Saturday's Donkey contains an engraving representing the Wilmot Proviso man at the door of the Democratic Convention. "John" is livelier than usual this week. He holds up the English Press, which most absurdly and pharisaically prates of the corruption of the French Elections, to well deserved ridicule. The following is a sample:

FALL OF PRICES.

The European Times says: "With universal suffrage and vote by ballot, votes can be purchased as easily as any other article saleable in the market." This will be good news to some of the political aspirants, belonging to noble families; and will induce them to go in for the "Charter," with a perfect rush. According to the uncontradicted statements in Parliament, a seat in that respectable body frequently costs a hundred thousand pounds. If votes can be bought cheaper under the new system, it would be a great saving to honorable members.

The following is not bad:

FACTS RELATING TO NAVIGATION.

When any of our merchants wish to know the state of the foreign market they had better go to sea.

It will not be necessary for them to forego business transactions while on their voyage, for they will find an abundance of stores and sails on board.

If they have occasion to communicate with their correspondents, they will easily find means to drop a line.

If they are fond of amusements they can roll and pitch as much as they please.

For food, they will be likely always to find a plenty of chickens in the main hatch, especially in fowl weather. They can also get a couple of eggs when the vessel lays too.

Gentlemen of low descent by going to sea will readily obtain a good berth, provided they can put up with a few squalls.

Ladies who are fond of knitting when at sea, need never be in want of materials for work, for any sailor will be always ready to spin them a yarn. They will find, however, much cruelty practised on board, for seamen often attach a buoy to an anchor, and throw him overboard. In a storm they generally, if possible, heave two, and if they see a buoy floating, they never pick him up, but always avoid him.

Voices From Prison. *Charles Spear, Editor.* This is a pretty little volume, containing a selection of poetry written by prisoners within their cells, with biographical and critical notes by the editor. It is in three parts. The first contains poetry by distinguished prisoners, such as James Montgomery, Madame Guyon, John Bunyan, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. The second contains poems by Royal prisoners, such as Cœur de Lion, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, &c. The third the poetry of common prisoners, mostly the inmates of the Massachusetts State Prison. The poetry is generally very fair, some of it very good, and the circumstances under which it was written, give it a peculiar interest. The object of the publication of the volume seems to be to keep alive kind feelings in the breasts of those who have not fallen, towards their erring brethren. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Eastern Life—Present and Past. *By Harriet Martineau. Complete in one volume.* Miss Martineau is a delightful writer. Her impressions of the East were published in an English periodical, in letters, some of which, relative to celebrated places in the Holy Land, we took the liberty of laying before our readers. The volume before us, contains, we believe, the whole of these letters, and we doubt not that many of our readers who perused the partial accounts of Miss Martineau's wanderings, in our columns, will now be tempted to possess himself or herself of the whole story. Published by *Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*

Graham's Magazine. The June number of Graham is embellished with a portrait of Captain Walker, a View of Cincinnati and a Fashion Plate. The literary contributions are by Fayette Robinson, Mrs. Butler, T. B. Read, Mrs. Peirson, J. Bayard Taylor, Mary S. Pease, Henry B. Hirst, Hosmer, Morris, Mrs. Neal, Paulding, &c. "Graham" is establishing quite a character for the superiority of its poetical articles. In the present number, for instance, we have fine poems from Read, Taylor and Hirst. "Leonard, a Tale of Marion's Men," is quite well versified—the other poetical articles are also good.

Kames's Elements of Criticism. *Edited by John Frost, A. M. New York: Samuel Raynor.* In preparing the present edition of this work for the press, it has been considerably abridged, and quotations of which the delicacy was questionable have been omitted, as also quotations in ancient and foreign languages. Certain of the terms have been altered, and questions have been attached to the whole work. The object of the editor having been to bring a standard work of criticism within the reach of the inmates of common schools and academies. For sale by *Grigg, Elliot & Co., 14 North 4th street, Phila.*

Readings for the Young. This is a compilation of interesting passages from the works of Sir Walter Scott. It is in two volumes. Volume 1 contains tales of chivalry and historical romantic narratives; volume 2, historical, narratives and Scottish scenes and characters. The text is prettily illustrated with engravings. Published by *Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*

Urcullu's Spanish Grammar. *By Fayette Robinson.* Urcullu, an exile of distinction, prepared a Grammar of the English Language for the use of his countrymen, which had remarkable success. In the belief that, as the old proverb has it, "sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," Mr. Robinson has applied Urcullu's system to the Spanish Language. Published by *Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co., Phila.*

The Wanderings and Fortunes of Some German Emigrants. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.* This is a translation from the German of Frederick Gerstaecker, by David Black. It is interesting as a tolerably true though rather exaggerated picture of the trials of emigrants in the new world. For sale by *G. S. Appleton, Phila.*

Ladies' National Magazine. The National for June contains a finely conceived engraving of a Grecian Chariot Race—illustrative of a tale called "The Maid of Melos." The contributors are Kate Sutherland, Joseph B. Cobb, T. S. Arthur, Mary Davenant, Mrs. Stephens, Henry Morford, T. Hempstead, &c., &c.

The Little Wife. A Record of Matrimonial Life. *By Mrs. Grey.* Another of Mrs. Grey's Novels, which, we believe, are much admired by a large number of readers. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. Price twenty-five cents.*

Comstock's [illegible] Magazine. Comstock for June is on our table. Comstock takes his revenge on us for our last notice, by turning it into [illegible]. We feel quite complimented when we find that Comstock occupies a column and a half of his Magazine, in considering a short notice, which only occupied in the Post a few short paragraphs. It does not speak very highly though for the intelligence of Comstock's readers, that they cannot swallow their literary food, until it is diluted with twice its original amount of milk and water.

Comstock says he is not a native of "Philadelphia," we are glad of it. He says he is a "cow on de Empire Stat." Why then did he come here to cut up his shines?

A Text Book of Agriculture. *By N. S. Davis, M.D.* This work was written in answer to an offer of a premium, by the New York State Agricultural Society, for a text book for schools, and was decided to be the best presented. It begins with the elementary principles of Natural Science, and proceeds in such a way that every step is calculated to make the next one more easy. Published by *S. S. & W. Wood, of New York, and for sale by Daniels & Smith, at the cheap bookstore, corner of Fourth and Arch streets.*

Godey's Lady's Book. The Lady's Book for June contains two very pretty engravings, "The Belle," and "One of our Contributors." It also contains a Fashion Plate, Model Cottage, &c. We notice among the contents articles by Helen Irving, Mrs. Ellet, Edith Woodley, J. R. Orton, &c., &c. "Amelia," by Miss Leslie, is continued.—One charm of Godey's Book is the variety of its contents. In this respect it excels all its competitors.

Living Age. *Zieber & Co.*, are the agents for this interesting periodical.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SEVEN DAYS LATER

Opening of the French Chambers—Riot at Rouen and Other Places—Riot at Limerick—Affairs in General.

The steamship Caledonia arrived at New York on Sunday last, bringing advices from Liverpool to the 6th inst.

FRANCE.

The tide of the revolutionary wave in France flows on with impetuous force. One mighty event succeeds another, with unremitting rapidity. After a whole history, curdled into the brief space of little more than two months, France has struggled through the first pangs of political birth, and a new-born representative assembly, constitutionally formed, now sways the destinies of France.

After a week of comparative tranquility in Paris, but of considerable violence at Rouen, Limoges and in many of the provinces, the elections terminated by a decisive majority in favor of the moderate republican party. We have already said that M. Lamartine, whom the whole of Europe seems to idolize as the genius of peace and order, was elected in about a dozen departments by a transcendant majority.

The triumph of the moderate party was signal and complete. The effect has been to create the impression in almost everybody's mind, that Lamartine will be unanimously elected the *first President of the Republic of France*. No doubt can be entertained that a republican form of government will be decided upon by the new assembly.

The assembly is constituted; but the rage and disappointment of the ultra-republican party, which already knows no bounds, will be employed in every way by plots, conspiracies and even open violence to overthrow the new moderate republic, in order to carry out their views.

As a sign of public opinion, M. Thiers, the ex-President of the Council, the most celebrated historian, and no insignificant statesman of the time, a man of unquestionable talent, and an opposition leader, has been rejected by the electors of Les Bouches du Rhone, and at present has no seat in the new Assembly. Lucien Murat, son of the former King of Naples, is elected for the department of the Lot.

Government has announced at last its decision to abandon the decree which it had passed for the disposition of the railway companies. It is understood that the question will be brought before the Assembly.

We have received details of the proceedings at the opening of the French Chamber on the 4th inst., which were highly interesting, and passed off satisfactorily. The members of the Provisional Government, distinguished by tri-colored sashes, went in procession to the Chamber, from which all persons having arms were excluded. Loud applauses greeted them on their way, and on their arrival in the Chamber.

Amongst the members present, beside the government, were the Bishop of Orleans, Lacordaire, (in the dress of a Dominican friar,) M. de Montelambert, Odillon Barrot, Dupin, Berryer, Beranger, Larochejaquelin and Billault. M. Dupont (de la Eure) was the first of the government who entered, followed closely by Lamartine and the others. M. Audry de Puyreveau, senior deputy, took the chair as President, after which M. Dupont ascended the tribune and delivered the following speech:

"*Citizen Representatives of the People*—

"The Provisional Government of the Republic come to bow before the nation, and to render a signal homage to the supreme power with which you are invested.

"Elect of the people! we welcome you to this great capital, where your presence excites a sentiment of happiness and hope which will not be deceived.

"Trustees of the National Sovereignty, you are about to found new institutions, upon the broad basis of democracy, and to give to France the only constitution that can suit her, a Republican Constitution. [Here the whole Assembly rose, and with their right hands raised, cried, "*Vive la Republique.*"]

"But after having proclaimed the great political law, which is about to organize definitively the country, like us, citizen representatives, you will proceed to regulate the possible and efficacious action of the Government in the relations which the necessities of labor establish among all citizens, and which ought to have for basis the sacred laws of justice and fraternity. [Renewed cheering, and cries of "*Vive la Republique.*"]

"In fine, the time has arrived for the Provisional Government to resign into your hands the unlimited power with which the Revolution had invested it. You know that, with regard to ourselves, this dictatorship was only a moral power, exercised in the midst of those difficult circumstances through which we have passed.

"Faithful to our origin and our personal convictions we have not hesitated to proclaim the Republic of February.

"To-day we shall inaugurate the labors of the National Assembly to the cry that should always salute it—*Vive la Republique!*"

The cry was again repeated with the greatest enthusiasm by the Assembly.

It appears that the 34 members for the department of the Seine, may be classed as follows:—Moderates, 25; ultra-democratic, &c., 4; doubtful, 5. There are among them 12 ex-deputies, 2 journalists, 5 ouvriers, or operatives, 1 Catholic clergyman, and 1 Protestant clergyman.

Among the members elected are three prelates of the Catholic Church, namely, the Archbishop of Paris, for Aveyron; the Bishop of Quimper, for Finisterre; and the Bishop of Orleans, for the Lozere.

The Bishop of Langres, and several ecclesiastics have also been elected in the Morbihan.

The accounts received from the provinces bring returns, most of which are impressed with the same character of moderation which has been so remarkable in the previous elections. Among the members of the late Chamber of Deputies, whose return to the National Assembly is announced, is that of M. Dupin. He is the only eminent member of the Conservative party yet elected. The celebrated Abbe Lacordaire is among the Members returned for Marseilles, where he beat M. Thiers. It is very remarkable that while the Abbe Lacordaire, one of the most eloquent preachers in the Catholic Church, and the Abbe Daguerre, one of the most popular of the Paris clergy, were both rejected as candidates for the representation of Paris, the celebrated Protestant clergyman, Coquerel, was elected. The circumstance is remarkable as showing how little the elections were influenced by the mere question of religion.

Among the number of members of the Old Chamber of Deputies elected, are several whose names are as well known in England as in France; such as M. de Tocqueville, M. Berryer, M. Leon Faucher, M. Mauguin, M. Billault, M. Duvergier de Hauranne, Lucien Murat, (son of the King of Naples,) the Marquis de la Rochejaquelin, Viscount de Falloux, M. de Seyval, Odillon Barrot, &c., &c.

A report is circulated that M. Thiers will be put up for some one of the numerous departments to be vacated by M. Lamartine.

IRELAND.

Strange, unexpected, but at the same time most important events have taken place in Ireland, during the week. What their result will be, is a most difficult matter to tell. The spirit of disaffection is not yet tamed; Government has come forward to grapple boldly with the Irish Republicans. Proclamations are issued against the election of the council of three hundred, and the formation of the National Guard. To this, the Old as well as the Young Irelanders demur, and declare their determination to act in defiance of the proclamation. A serious affair has taken place between the moral and physical force Repealers at Limerick. Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher, have been grossly assaulted and abused in the city of the violated treaty, whither they had gone to enjoy a complimentary soiree on the 29th ult. The population of that county had been greatly agitated by inflammatory addresses, circulated by the Old Ireland party, stigmatising Mr. Mitchell as the "calumniator of O'Connell," and as the "slanderer of the Catholic religion;" and the effigy of Mitchell, with a rope round the neck, was borne through the streets of Limerick.

In this state of feeling of the Old Irelanders a soiree was given by the Sarsfield Club, Young Irelanders, to Messrs. O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher. A frightful riot was the consequence. The military and police were called out; the members of the club fled, and one man was killed. The house having been broken into by the O'Connellites, the windows and doors were demolished, and Mr. O'Brien only escaped after having received some violent contusions on the face.

Mitchell and Meagher contrived to elude the populace by getting away in disguise. In fact, if it had not been for the efforts of the military under General Napier, who interfered between the parties, the consequences would have been much more serious.

A letter from Liverpool to the editor of the Philadelphia Bulletin, dated May 6th,—11 o'clock, says:—

We have just received our daily advices from Ireland—they contain some intelligence of startling importance as regards the repeal movement. Mr. Smith O'Brien and Mr. John O'Connell have merged their past differences, and agree to work harmoniously together in the good cause for the future.

The meeting between those gentlemen, accompanied by Dr. Miley, took place yesterday, and after some few explanations on both sides, the two former cordially shook hands—immediately after an address appeared bearing the signatures of John Miley, D. D., W. S. O'Brien, M. P., John O'Connell, M. P., J. B. Dillon, A. A. Stritch, C. S. Duffy, J. H. Dunne, T. F. Meagher, T. Arkins, P. M. Rae, John Gray.

The object of the Address is to inculcate a spirit of fraternisation among all classes of Repealers, and urged that the future watchword should be—"Union among ourselves—that we may repeal the Union." The amalgamation of O'Brien and O'Connell must exercise a most important influence in the future career of Repeal in Ireland, and probably be the means of increased anxiety on the part of the Government in that country.

In Parliament, Sir W. Somerville has introduced a measure which cannot be deemed otherwise than a great step towards improving the electoral franchise of Ireland. It will be at least one "political grievance" abated. The new bill proposes to define the franchise, extend the constituencies, and improve the system of registration.

It is expected that by the proposed changes the number of electors throughout Ireland will be quadrupled.

The State trials are not more advanced than at the date of our last issue.

ENGLAND.

The Jewish Disabilities Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons on the night of the 4th, and finally passed.

The new Reform Association, composed of the Liberal members of the House of Parliament, and who set forth, as the basis of their principles, household suffrage, vote by ballot, triennial Parliaments, and equal electoral districts, progresses rapidly.

The powerful support from the middle classes which it is every where receiving, and the adhesion of some of the most popular leading men of the day—all augur a successful termination to its labors, although a protracted struggle may take place in the interim. The centre of action of the new party will be, as in the case of the Anti-Corn Law League, in the manufacturing districts, and its chief promoters the gentlemen who brought that important movement, to a triumphant issue.

The late triumph of moderate principles in France must contribute to remove the prejudices of those who looked with apprehensions to any enlarged extention of the suffrage. It will prove a strong and an additional argument in favor of the progressive spirit of the times, and the necessity for Governmental measures keeping pace with it; and as the revolution of 1830, in that country heralded, by but a short period, the Reform Bill in England, so we hope that the recent revolution may prove but the forerunner of a reform in that country, which will effect practically all that the bill of 1832, promised to bestow, yet failed to carry out.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Prussian and Danish Governments have accepted the mediation of the English Government in the matter, the Schleswig Holstein war. This will remove a fearful cause of general war.

The German Constitution Assembly was to meet at Frankfort on the 18th of May, and the great question of German Unity was then to be decided. The Lombardo Italians were still progressing, but the Austrians have been gaining advantages. It is said that Austria is taking secret steps to negotiate with Venice and Lombardy.

Letters from Berlin of the 30th ult., states that the Prussian Government was acting with much firmness and decision. The Berlin papers entertained a rumor of the march of the Russian Guards to the frontier, where a force of three hundred thousand Russians will be concentrated by the 1st of June.

In Spain no movement of consequence has taken place.

It is said news has arrived from St. Petersburg, stating that a treaty offensive and defensive between Russia, Sweden and Denmark is arranged, and will be positively ratified in the event of an entry of German troops into Schleswig, in which case Denmark will be supported by the whole force of the two other powers.

In Poland the most frightful excesses continue to occur.

In Gallicia, Moldavia and Wallachia, the people are in a frightful state of insurrection. At Presburg the cruelties practised against the Jews are truly shocking.

In Baden the Republicans have attempted to revenge their late defeat, and Hecker crossed the Rhine at the head of a thousand French and German troops. Two encounters took place with the Wurtemburg forces, the last at Schofheim. The Republicans have now fled into Alsace and Switzerland.

In Belgium the people are tranquil. Hanover and Prussia are absorbed in the military operations against Denmark, in which, at present by land, they are completely successful; although the captures at sea, by the Danes, must necessarily occasion very great loss to the Prussian commerce in the Baltic.

Venice, according to the latest advices received in Vienna, was closely blockaded by sea and land; in fact, its capitulation was daily expected.

The European Times furnishes the following under a postscript:—

Reports are current that the French army of the Alps had entered Savoy to aid in the defence of Italian Independence against Austria. The Moniteur of yesterday published a decree granting a credit of 32,000,000 francs for war purposes.

Later accounts from Italy state that King Chas. Albert had resolved to attack the Austrians in the entrenched camp at Verona, and was within a league and a half of its walls for the purpose on the 28th.

ONE DAY LATER.

The U. S. Mail steamship Hermann arrived at New York on Monday night, bringing one day later news than the Caledonia.

The Hermann brings a considerable cargo and 70 passengers; she also has on board 12 camels, with their two Arab drivers, fresh from the base of the great pyramid of Egypt.

The Hermann left Bremen on the 19th of April, and arrived at Southampton the next day, but was detained for repairs at the latter port till the 6th of May.

Paris papers of the 5th and London dates to the 6th have been received. There is no additional commercial news to indicate any change in the English market.

[The following paragraph is hard to understand; as it refers to difficulties of which we have not yet been advised. It might be inferred that some outbreak of the populace or some attempt on the part of the minority to overawe the Chamber, had signally failed. We shall await more clear advices with solicitude.]

The following telegraphic announcement from Paris, is the latest intelligence from the French Capital, received by the Hermann. It is rather imperfect and unsatisfactory:

Paris, Friday night, May 5.

Considerable uneasiness prevails, and an impression is entertained that the Proclamation of yesterday [this we are in the dark about—Ed. Post] was the result of intimidation by the mob through General Courtais and other partisans of the minority.

Another report is that a compromise has taken place between the contending parties, and that three Consuls will be proposed, viz., Lamartine, Dupont, (De l'Eure) and Ledru Rollin. Such a coalition will, however, satisfy no party.

Mons. Ledru Rollin, E. Arrago, and fifteen other Deputies met to-day, to organize an extreme left of the Assembly.

The Provisional Government will not order the assembling of the Army of the Alps, till so required by the Milan Government or by Charles Albert.

There were three candidates for the Presidency of the Assembly, and the Secretaries announced as the result—Mons. Buchez 390 votes, Yulat 234, Recurt 91.

The Insurgents are still masters of Rouen.—Order reigns in the midst of disorder.

Another despatch from Paris says, in confirmation of the above:

The National Assembly met at noon, and an election took place for President, when M. Buchez was chosen. Paris is tranquil.

Preserving Currants.—It is not, perhaps, generally known that currants and gooseberries may be preserved, the year round, as fresh and sweet as when taken from the bush. The fruit should be plucked while green, or before the berries assume the red color which precedes and heralds maturity, and put into dry glass bottles, which should be corked and sealed tight, and placed in the cellar or some other cool place as most convenient.

Hobby.—A kind of Pegasus upon which, when a man is once mounted, he becomes identical with the beast.

Life in Boston.

PASSING EVENTS IN MODERN ATHENS.

Boston, May, 1848.

Gentlemen:—By your leave, may I be permitted to give your large and scattered family of subscribers a few bird's-eye glances on divers objects, of general interest, in and about the City of Notions? "Certainly," is it? Very well, then, come along, the whole family; old and young, grave and gay, if you've time to spare please step this way. We'll cross the Common, glorious, cool, green, spacious public fee, upon which every body *may go to graze*; now we'll ascend a flight of broad stone steps, which brings us upon the top of Beacon Hill; whereon stands the Massachusetts State House, the corner stone of which,—says Dearborn, in his "Boston Notions"—was drawn to its destined spot on the 4th of July, 1795, by fifteen milk-white steeds, that being, then, the number of Confederated States; the stone was then laid, by the first Governor, *Samuel Adams*,—no relation of John Quincy Adams—the hero and patriot, assisted by the Grand Lodge of Masons, on land formerly owned by John Hancock. This stately building is of old-fashioned architecture, 173 feet front, 61 feet deep; externally it appears two stories high, the basement 20 feet, and the next story 30 feet. The centre front is continued with an attic of 60 feet front length, and 20 feet high, over which is a dome 50 feet in diameter and 30 feet high, terminating with a circular look-out lantern capped with a gilded cone. The corner stone being laid 100 feet above water level, and the cone 230 feet high, makes the State House—to use a quaint simile—look for at a distance; the most prominent feature in all views of Boston. The cost of this State House was $133,333 33, completed and opened in June, 1798. Let us enter the vestibule of this grand old structure—always open free to visitors. The first object of especial interest in the vestibule is Chantry's colossal statue of Washington, from pure white marble; chiseled so perfect and polished so fine, that you can hardly conceive it possible for the hand of mortal to have subdued cold, brittle stone into such soft and life-like ease and grace. The folds of the drapery are far beyond any sculpture I ever saw. The famed English artist got $15,000 for this production. Turning to the right, we enter the Senate Chamber, a handsome, well-furnished and carpeted chamber it is; here, over the door, is the drum, old and torn, that rattled away upon Bunker Hill, when man against man with might and will, essayed in wrath his fellow to kill. Jupiter! the old, spirit-stirring *drum* makes a body poetical! Yes, and by it are pendant sundry old swords, used upon the same interesting occasion; the good men and true, that wielded these savage and formidable instruments are stopping beer barrels, perhaps—if we credit Hamlet's philosophy, but the old "long-knives" are here; grim indexes of the past, reminding the Senators beneath them, that through *their* instrumentality a free people were enabled to legislate for themselves, and make laws to suit freemen. Around this Chamber are many war-like instruments, portraits of all the old Governors of the Commonwealth, &c. By ascending a spiral stairway of 170 steps, we arrived at the top of the State House, from whence a view is afforded, equalled by no other in the United States, I think. Not to spin out my epistle unto tedious length, we will take a view from one point of the compass at present; we will look forth to the South; what a panorama; nature and art; is it possible the Bay of Naples can surpass this beautiful view? Towns and villages; mansions and cottages; splendid buildings, ponds, islands, rivers and old ocean outspreading wide before us. See the white cottages and groves of Lynn; the charming summer retreat Nahant; there is Quincy, the great granite bed, the home of John Quincy Adams; Dorchester and Roxbury, lovely villages! Looking down into the harbor, a hundred islands are there; Castle Island; Fort Independence; Thompson's Island, on which is the Farm School belonging to the city, where any person can place their boys at school and learn them to labor, (as every good Christian should) upon a farm during four or five hours each week-day. Here, also, are the Houses of Correction, Reformation and Industry, also the Insane Hospital. The House of Correction is for the punishment of petty criminals. The House of Industry is for the reception of the virtuous poor, who may seek this refuge from misfortune or old age. The House of Reformation is similar to your House of Refuge, for juvenile incorrigibles. To the right of these buildings, on the hill Mount Washington, we see the "Perkins Institute and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind," commenced in 1832, under Dr. S. G. Howe, the first Institute of the kind in the United States. The object is to teach the young blind all the common branches of education by means of raised letters, embossed maps, globes, music, &c. During my last visit there, a few Sabbaths since, I was pleased with some of the sacred music performances of the blind scholars on the piano, &c. The boys were merry, chatted cheerfully, walked about the building with ease, could tell each other's footstep, raised the windows, opened and shut doors, &c., &c., as though eyes were no great *loss*, after all. I grew sad in watching their movements. The Institute is well endowed, and has pupils from all parts of the United States. They work curiously handsome mats, mattresses, baskets, cages, wooden ware—and a hundred things they do which one would suppose impossible to be done by the blind. Reserving other subjects seen from our airy height for another time, I remain as usual, yours, &c.,

FALCONBRIDGE.

Local Intelligence.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

We regret to announce that the printing establishment of our spicy and witty contemporary, the "Spirit of the Times," was destroyed by fire on Friday morning of last week. Col. Florence, the proprietor, however, was fully insured; and so far from being disheartened, made immediate arrangements for the issue of the Times the next morning, and announced a new set of type as in preparation for his paper. The Col. saved his books and his forms, which latter were on the press when the fire broke out. Some other establishments in the same building suffered severely, and were not insured.

BISCACCIANTI'S CONCERT.

Signora Biscaccianti's Concert last week, was not very fully attended, owing to the high price of admission, one dollar. The American Prima Donna sung, however, with her usual power and effect. We hope she will not be discouraged by her reception, but at a fitting time, advertise a second Concert at half a dollar a ticket—which reduction of price will insure her the largest kind of an audience.

WAKED UP.

The sleepy old monopoly lines between this city and New York, have been wakened up by the petition to Congress for a new road. They are relaying their tracks, getting better locomotives and new cars, and talk about making the trip in four hours. If the mere rumor of a new line has had so good an effect, what would not the reality do?

A PATRIARCH GONE.

Ashbel Green, D. D., the senior clergyman of the Presbyterian Church in the United States—the first Moderator of the General Assembly of that church, and first chaplain to the immortal Congress of 1776, died at his residence in Pine street, in this city, in the latter part of last week, at the advanced age of 89 years.

THE SUNDAY DISPATCH.

This is the name of a new weekly recently started in Philadelphia. We would advise the proprietors to alter their day of publication to Saturday. The first number is well edited.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 154—adults 57 and children 97.

Religious Intelligence

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, in session at Baltimore, has selected Philadelphia as the place of meeting for the next annual meeting.

On the third day of the Assembly, Matthew Newkirk, Treasurer, submitted his annual report, showing that the receipts for the year were $26,434 30, with a balance from last year of $1,134 71, and the expenditures have been $25,274. Referred to Finance Committee.

The Judicial Committee reported on the complaint of the Rev. Dr. Skinner, against the Presbytery of Lexington, Va., suspending him from the Ministry. The case was made the order of the day for last Monday.

The complaint of the Rev. W. Calhoun and others, a minority of the Presbytery, also against the decision in Dr. Skinner's case, was made the order for the same day.

The complaint of D. Lyon against the Synod of Albany, was also reported and put on the docket.

The appeal of J. Cathy, suspended by the Synod of North Carolina for marrying his wife's sister, was also reported and put on the docket for trial.

An interesting address on the evangelization of France was then delivered by the Rev. D. W. Bridell. The Rev. gentleman spoke in French, the Rev. Dr. Baird acting as interpreter.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander King, of Dublin, was introduced to the Assembly, and delivered an interesting address on the moral and religious condition and prospects of Ireland.

The Committee on Overtures reported on a number of Overtures, most of which were put on the docket for consideration. One was a printed communication issued by the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, remonstrating against slave holding. It was ordered to be placed among the papers in the stated Clerk's office.

A resolution in favor of special contributions for the evangelization of France and Ireland was adopted.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The following is a copy of the communication sent in some days ago to the Methodist Episcopal Conference now in session at Pittsburg, by the Delegate from the South. The letter will explain itself:

To the Bishops and Members of the General Conference of the M. E. Church.

Rev. and Dear Brethren—I have received two extracts from your journals of the 4th and 5th inst. From these extracts I learn you decline receiving me in my proper character as the accredited delegate of the M. E. Church, South, and only invite me to a seat within the bar, as due to me on account of my private and personal merits. These considerations I shall appreciate, and will reciprocate them with you in all the private walks of Christian and social life; but within the bar of the General Conference I can only be known in my official character.

You will therefore regard this communication as final, on the part of the M. E. Church, South. She can never renew the offer of fraternal relations between the two great bodies of Wesleyan Methodists in the United States. But the proposition can be renewed at any time, either now or hereafter, by the M. E. Church. And if ever made upon the basis of the Plan of Separation, as adopted by the Conference of 1844, the Church South will cordially entertain the proposition.

With sentiments of deep regard, and with feelings of disappointed hope, I am yours, in Christian fellowship,

L. PIERCE,
Delegate from the M. E. Church, South.

Pittsburg, May 9, 1848.

No further action was taken on this letter, save the passage of a resolution granting to the Doctor a copy of his former communication, as requested by him.

LATEST NEWS!

FROM MEXICO.

IMPORTANT FROM YUCATAN.

La Patria of the 13th, has letters from Campeachy to the 29th ultimo. The Tribune translates as follows:

"We are going on badly here, very badly; in spite of the treaty celebrated between Governor Barbachano and the Indian Pat, the Indians have entered the territory of this Province, and have seized Iturbide and Cibalchen, distant towns, 20 leagues from this city—which were deserted in the most cowardly manner by the troops appointed to defend them. In fact, the Indians can now go through every part of the whole country, for all the soldiers have come here to seek refuge, and I believe that if the Indian force were to surround this place the walls would not be strong enough to contain the fear of these valiant troops."

The writer adds that nothing but foreign aid can save them all from being obliged to yield.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

We give in another column, the proceedings of the first day of the Baltimore Convention. On the second day, on motion of the Massachusetts delegation, a resolution was offered to adopt the rules governing the business of the Convention of 1844.

Mr. Morse, of Louisiana, moved to omit the two-thirds rule.

Several members had spoken upon this question, when some sounds indicated that the galleries were giving way.

A terrific scene ensued. Hundreds of people were escaping in perilous modes, and all below was terrible confusion.

Order could not be restored, and a recess for half an hour was taken. It was found that no person was seriously injured.

The galleries were found to have given way in several places—a similar occurrence took place at the Convention of 1844.

EXCLUSION OF BARNBURNERS.

The Telegraphic correspondent of the Evening Bulletin, under date of May 23rd, three o'clock, P. M., says:

The Committee on Credentials met last night upon the claims of the rival New York Delegates. The Barnburners refused to give pledges and retired.

The Committee thereupon concluded to exclude them, and having only the credentials of the Old Hunker Delegates, to recommend their admission to the Convention.

It is uncertain when the Committee will report

Political Intelligence

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The Delegates chosen by the Democracy of the several States, to represent them in National Convention, for the nomination of candidates to be supported by them for the Presidency and Vice President of the United States, met on Monday at 12 M., in the Universalist Church, Baltimore.

As soon as the doors were opened, a large concourse of delegates and spectators occupied every portion of the spacious edifice. It will be remembered as the same building in which the Whig National Convention of 1844 was held, at which time the crowd was so immense that one of the galleries settled several inches.

The Convention was called to order and temporarily organized by the appointment of Judge Brice, of Louisiana, as Chairman, and Samuel Treat, of Missouri, as Secretary.

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Theophilus Fisk.

Upon taking the Chair, Judge B. briefly but pertinently addressed the meeting, enforcing the necessity of strict order, and the due observance of parliamentary rules in all deliberative bodies, and referring to the importance of the duties which the Convention was delegated to perform.

Mr. Wheeler, of North Carolina, then submitted a resolution for the appointment of a Committee to consist of one from each and every State in the Union, the members of said Committee to be selected by the respective State delegations, whose duty it should be to report upon the number of delegates claiming seats in the Convention, and to examine the validity of their credentials.

Mr. Cone, of Virginia, offered as a substitute for the resolution of Mr. Wheeler, a resolution providing for the appointment of a Committee, clothed with similar powers and similarly selected by the respective State delegations *except the State of New York*.

The resolution and substitute were debated by Senator Hannegan, John W. Thompson, of N. J., Mr. Cone, Mr. Wheeler, and others, with warmth, but without acerbity, when finally the question was put upon the substitute, and it was adopted.

The Jackson Association of Washington, D. C., has appointed five members, (among whom are Amos Kendall and William C. Rives, of the Globe,) and they were admitted to seats, but excluded from voting.

The Pennsylvania delegation have had a quiet fight among themselves.

Mr. Cameron has been admitted as a substitute for David Pool, of Dauphin, after a long debate, in which the question, whether he is a Democrat and capable of representing the Democracy of Pennsylvania, was decided in the affirmative by a majority of the delegates.

The various State delegations then consulted together, and after the selection of their respective representatives, the names were handed to the Chair, and read by the Secretary, as follows:

Committee on Credentials.

Me.—Chas. Andrews	N. H.—Robt. Jenness
Mass.—Robt. Rantoul	Vt.—Levi B. Vilas
R. I.—Dutee J. Pearce	Conn.—Jas. T. Pratt
N. J.—G. D. Wall	Penn.—Wm. T. Rogers
Del.—Wm. H. Ross	Md.—B. C. Howard
Va.—Thos. H. Bayly	N. C.—Robt. Strange
S. C.—J. M. Commander	Geo.—M. H. McAllister
Fla.—R. J. Moses	Ala.—Wm. Acklin
Miss.—Alx. J. McNutt	La.—W. S. Kendall
Ark.—S. Borland	Mo.—Jas. M. Hughes
Tenn.—H. L. Turney	Ky.—Jas. N. Stevenson
Iowa.—Jas. Clarke	Wis.—B. Brown
Ill.—M. McConnell	Ind.—Wm. F. Bryan
Ohio.—A. B. Adgerton	Texas.—L. D. Evans
Mich.—H. Redfield	

After the announcement of this Committee, the Convention adjourned until 5 P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Upon the re-opening of the Convention a Committee was appointed to report permanent officers of the Convention, who subsequently recommended Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, as President, and a large number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries; among the latter was J. Glancy Jones, of Pa.

When the Committee charged with this duty was absent, the Convention was addressed by Senator Hannegan, General Houston, Mr. Yancey and Judge Bryce.

In the course of Mr. Hannegan's remarks, he alluded in eloquent terms, to the spread of republican principles in Europe in imitation of our own glorious Republic, now of thirty States, soon to be enlarged by the addition of New Mexico, Oregon, California, and some other places.

A voice in the crowd here asked if we might not expect Yucatan, too?

To which Mr. Hannegan replied, No, but perhaps a far richer State, Cuba, and he begged permission to add Jamaica, too.

A question involving considerable difficulty and which produced no small degree of excitement was raised by a delegate from Ohio, as to the right of the single delegate from South Carolina, General Commander, to give the entire vote of that State. The question was not met by the Convention, but was postponed until the permanent organization.

The New York difficulty was disposed of for the present and perhaps finally, by the adoption of a resolution from the Committee on Credentials, recommending the admission of the delegates from all the other States, and allowing the Committee to hold the New York case under consideration during the sitting of the Convention.

The Convention then adjourned, without further action, until Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

The following are the Permanent Officers of the Convention:

President—Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia.

Vice Presidents—Robert P. Dunlap, Maine; John H. Steele, New Hampshire; Chester W. Chapin, Massachusetts; Ira Davis, Vermont; Benjamin B. Thurston, Rhode Island; Isaac Toucey, Connecticut; (New York blank;) Garret D. Wall, New Jersey; [illegible], Pennsylvania; Samuel B. Davis, Delaware; Benjamin C. Howard, Maryland; [illegible], Virginia; [illegible], North Carolina; [illegible], South Carolina; Charles J. McDonald, Georgia; [illegible], Alabama; [illegible], Florida; [illegible], Mississippi; [illegible], Louisiana; [illegible], Arkansas; [illegible], Missouri; Thomas Martin, Tennessee; Louis Sanders, Kentucky; Jas. Clark, Iowa; J. P. Helfenstein, Wisconsin; E. W. English, Illinois; Thomas J. Rusk, Texas; Austin Ewing, Michigan.

Secretaries—Samuel Treat, Missouri; Joseph W. McConnell, Ohio; John Duncan, Mississippi; John Miller, Pennsylvania; John R. Jones, Indiana; John S. Wells, New Hampshire; J. S. Eastman, Tennessee; John C. Holland, Kentucky. New York, blank.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

An exchange paper says that any one who looks at Horace Greeley's boots and breeches, could have no doubt that he is in favor of *clay*, and no friend to *tailor*.

The Whigs of Delaware have in State Convention appointed Delegates to the Whig National Convention, and instructed them to vote for John M. Clayton.

The Legislature of Connecticut has elected Roger S. Baldwin and Truman Smith to seats in the United States Senate.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Saturday Afternoon, May 20, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The continuance of a limited demand, and light receipts, has tended to maintain prices, and the week's sales have been only in small parcels, say 4500 bbls in all, at $5,87½a6, for common to fair, and $6,12½a6,25 for choice brands. Rye Flour is still scarce, and sales made at $3,87½a3,94 per bbl—most holders ask $4 per bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce, and prices are higher; sales of 2200 bbls at $2,37½ for Pennsylvania.

GRAIN—The supplies of most descriptions continue on the most limited scale, and early in the week, prices were firm at $1,40a1,43 for good to prime red, and $1,44a1,46 for white, per bushel. Since, prices have given way, and sales of good reds were made at $1,39, including some fair quality at $1,35a1,37; and white, at $1,44a1,46 per bushel. Rye—There have been sales of 2800 bushels Pennsylvania in lots, at 75a80c. Corn has been in good demand, with sales of fully 25,000 bushels at 51a52c for good yellow, with some white at 46a47c. Corn—Sales of 3a4000 bushels at 41a43c for Pennsylvania, and 37a39c for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork continues to a fair extent, with sales of Western Pork at $10,50a11 for Mess, and $8,50a8,75 for Prime per bbl. Bacon has again been in demand, with sales of 300 casks, and near 400,000 lbs in bulk at prices ranging from 4½ to 9c for Hams; 4a5 for Sides, and 3½a3¾c for Shoulders per lb. Lard is only in moderate request at 6½a7½c as in quality. In Butter and Cheese no change.

ASHES—Small sales of Western Pots at 5½a5½c.

BARK—Further sales of 100 hhds Quercitron at $25 per ton for first quality No. 1, and other grades in proportion.

BEESWAX—The market remains dull, with small sales at 22½a23c for good yellow.

BREAD—Prices continue steady with moderate sales.

CANDLES—Small sales of Sperm at 30a31c. Tallow Candles sell at 11a12 for Mould, and 10a10½ for Dipped.

COAL—The supply of Anthracite is yet limited, and prices are steady, at the quotations given last week. Several cargoes of Bituminous sold at 16a16½ cts per bushel.

COTTON—The market is still poorly supplied, and prices are still very firm. The week's sales reach 878 bales, including New Orleans, Upland and Mobile, chiefly the former, at 6¾a8c per lb, as in quality.

COPPER—The last sale of new Sheathing was at 22c 6 mos.

COFFEE—The market has been quiet this week, mainly owing to the want of stocks in which to operate. Sales of 1500 bags Rio and Laguayra at 6½a7½ cts, 4 mos; 5000 bags Rio have been purchased in a neighboring port for this market.

DOMESTIC GOODS—There has been no change in the market since our last weekly review.

FISH—Mackerel are in only moderate demand, with sales at $9a10 for No. 1, $7,75a8,50 for No. 2, and $5,50a6,25 for No. 3 per bbl.

FEATHERS—Only a moderate demand has existed this week, with sales of 8000 lbs at 39a39c per lb.

FRUIT—The principal sales this week have been by auction—a cargo of 4000 boxes Sicily Oranges and Lemons having been sold at $2a2,75 for the latter, and 85c and $1,50 for the former, as in quality.

GINSENG—Has been in demand—3a4000 lbs good Crude sold at 30 cts per lb, and 25,000 lbs Clarified on terms not made public.

HEMP—The market remains quiet.

HIDES—No sales have transpired this week.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet—a cargo of 275 hhds Cardenas and one of 250 hhds, tcs and bbls Cuba, sold on private terms—the latter supposed at 18 a15½c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—Most of the recent receipts of Rosin were previously disposed of, and the sales noted. In Tar and Pitch the sales have been trifling. Spirits of Turpentine is worth 30a32c.

IRON—A very moderate demand still exists, and the sales of the week include only 1200 tons at $25 to 28 for Anthracite, and $27a32 for Charcoal Pig per ton.

LATHS—Several cargoes sold at $1,45 to 1,50, and a small cargo at $1,37½.

LEAD—The market continues dull. 900 Pigs sold early in the week at 4a4½c. cash.

LEATHER—The demand is to a fair extent, at full rates.

LUMBER—The supplies are on the increase; cargo sales of Yellow Pine Boards at $13a17, and Susquehanna at $11a15 per M.

PLASTER—Market dull, with large supplies; several cargoes sold at $2,25a2,50 per ton.

RICE—In some demand, sales of 150 casks at 4¼a4½c.

SUGARS—There has been less animation in the market this week, and only about 300 hhds New Orleans sold at 3½a4½c, as in quality; 80 hhds Porto Rico and 500 boxes Matanzas on private terms.

SALT—A sales of 4700 bushels Turks Island at 23c.

SEEDS—Cloverseed has been in moderate demand at $3,50a3,75, and some prime free, early in the week, at $4 per bushel.

SPIRITS—A cargo of French Brandy is being landed to-day, but no sales have yet transpired, and we quote at former rates, with small sales.

TALLOW—Further sales of good Rendered at 8a 8¼ cts.

TEAS—The demand continues to a fair extent at full former rates.

TOBACCO—A very moderate demand exists, and about 80 hhds Kentucky have been sold at 4a7½c, on the usual credit.

WOOL—The market is nearly bare of all descriptions of Domestic, but there is not much demand at present, though prices are very steady.

COAL FREIGHTS—We quote the rates at $1,62½ a1,75 to Boston; $1,25a1,37½ to Providence, and $1a 1,12 to New York.—*Bick. Reporter.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '67	104¼	104¾	Commercial	49½	50½
" '62	103	—	Mechanics'	24½	24¾
" '56	101½	—	Southwark	—	75
" '51	91½	93	Kensington	54½	60
U S Tr N 6s	102½	103½	P Township	27	27½
Philada 6s	99½	100	Girard	10	10¼
" 5s	80	90	Western	45	50
County 5s	82½	—	Man & Mechs	23	24
Penna 6s	86	87	Camden N J	52	53
" 5s	74¼	74½	Miners' Bank	38	45
Tennessee 5s	75	—	Trenton Bkg Co	34	—
Cincinnati 6s	—	88½	Pittsburg Bank	45	—
" W W	90	—	M & M, Pitts	49	49½
Texas Notes	9	11	Exchange, Pitts	40	43
Texas bds 8s	14	19	Com, Cincin	35	—
" bds 10s	—	20	Louisville, Ky	90	—
Schuyl N 6s '65	43½	—	Kentucky Bk	78	79
" '88	43½	44	Northern	—	101
Lehigh N 6s	59	59½	Union, Tenn	38	40
" Int loan	51	54	Planters, Tenn	—	40
" Mort	80	80½	Vicksburg	7	10
" Cl Scrip	77½	78	N O Gas Bk	121	—
C & Del Cl 6s	83	85	Schuyl Nav	15	17
C & Am R 6s	95	97	Lehigh Nav	25	27
Bea Mdw R	50	75	C & Del Cl	64½	65½
Susquch Cl 6s	50	50½	Morris Cl	9½	9¾
Norrist'n R 6s	65	80	Bea Mdw R	20	24
Harrisburg R 6s	80	84	Susquch Cl	12½	13½
Wil R 6s	80½	—	Norristown R	11	12½
Read R 6s '50	59½	60	Harrisburg R	33	34
" Mort	61½	62	Wilmington R	23	26
U S Bk Notes	87	88	Reading R	18	18¼
U S Bk Shares	3	3¼	Minehill R	60	62
N Amer Bk	114	120	N Liberty Gas	—	24
Penna Bk	269	270	Flem Copper	6	—
Philadelphia	113	114	N J Copper	1½	1¾
Far & Mec	50½	51	Neshanic Cop	¼	½

The Buffalo Express says: "We learn from an undoubted source that Gen. Reed has already redeemed over $30,000 of the liabilities of the Erie Bank, from his individual resources, since its suspension, and that within a few days $30 000 more will be provided for. At this rate, all the liabilities of the bank will be provided for within the ensuing twelve months. The bills are received at par for tolls on the Erie Extension Canal, and that source alone will take up $10,000 per month."

The amount of duties received at the port of New York for the week ending on Saturday last, was $303,063. The export of specie for the same time was $408,000.—*Ledger.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, May 22.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week numbered about 1200 head. Beeves are selling at $6 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 head were offered, and are selling from $20 to 35 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, $8 to 15 for dry.—Hogs bring from $6 to 7. Sheep and Lambs as follows.—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

Baltimore, May 19.—Beef Cattle—There were offered at the scales on Monday, 603 Beef Cattle, of which 300 were sold to city butchers, at prices ranging from $3 to 3,75, live weight—being equal to $5,50 a6,75 per 100 lbs nett, averaging $3,75 gross. 303 were driven to Philadelphia. Small sales since at prices corresponding with the above. Hogs—Sales from $4,25 to 4,75 per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 20.

Ashes—Small sales were reported, including Pots, at $4,50, and Pearls at $5a5,12½.

Breadstuffs—Flour—The sales footed up 2a3000 bbls, including some small lots for export. The sales embraced Oswego at $5,50a5,62½, and Genesee at $5,62½a5,75 for fair quality, and at $5,75a5,87½a6a6,12½ for pure. The latter figures were for rather small and selected lots. Southern was inactive at $6,12½a6 25, and 1a200 barrels Oswego, out of order, were sold at $5,37½; 600 do, in good order, sold on private terms, supposed to be at $5,50—among the lots sold were 300 Genesee, at $5,75a6; 1000 bbls superfine, inspected, were sold, deliverable in 4 months, at seller's option, at $5.

Wheat—There was very little offering—holders stood out for $1,38a1,40, but we heard of no sales.—4000 bushels Genesee, damaged by the fire, sold at 40c a$1,12. Corn—Sales of 5000 bushels Jersey yellow were made at 56½c, and 2400 do sold at 57c. Sales of 4000 bushels New Orleans, damaged, were made at 50c. Meal—Sales of 1a200 bbls were made, in store, at $2,43½, and 200 do at $2,50. Rye—The last sales were made at 71c. Rye Flour—Sales of 100 bbls were made at $3,00. Oats—Sales in a moderate way were making, of New Jersey, at 40a42c, and of North River and canal at 46a49c. Barley was dull.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848.

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.
A STORY
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Determined to leave nothing undone to maintain for the MAMMOTH POST the reputation it has acquired of being the "Best Weekly Paper in America," we have the pleasure of announcing to our vast and rapidly increasing family of readers, that we shall open the Summer Campaign, with the publication of a new story from the pen of that powerful and thrilling American writer, MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

We shall commence the publication of Mrs. Stephens's story in the early part of June next.

It is hardly necessary to add that those who have it in contemplation to subscribe to the Post during the coming season, will find it much to their advantage to send on their names *by the first of next month*, in time for the opening of Mrs. Stephens's story. We shall print a large number of extra copies, but, judging of the future by the past, it will be hardly possible to supply the great demand for back numbers. The best plan for those intending to subscribe, is to send on their names as soon as possible—as they not only thus confer a favor upon us, by letting us know to what extent to increase our edition, but have the satisfaction of receiving their papers fresh in all their departments.

General News.

THE DONATION LANDS OF ARKANSAS.

Senator Borland publishes in the Washington Union, of the 17th, a letter in answer to the many inquiries made of him respecting the lands which the State of Arkansas proposes to give away to actual settlers. As this information concerns a large class of our population, we publish the mode by which the lands can be obtained.

The title which the State has in the lands she offers to donate, is acquired by the statutes enacted at various times, which provide, in substance, that all lands which have been, and all which at any future period may be, once advertised and offered for sale by the Auditor, for the non-payment of taxes, shall not be re-advertised or offered at public sale; but the Auditor is empowered to dispose of them to purchasers, or to actual settlers, agreeably to existing laws, which in substance provide that the title of these lands may be acquired in the following manner:—

By Purchase.—Any person, resident of this State, or a non-resident, by application to the Auditor, personally or through an agent, may purchase from the State any number of tracts which have been forfeited as above stated, on payment of the arrearages of taxes and costs due, and the Auditor's fee for drawing the deed. This amount of taxes and costs due, vary, of course, according to the number of years for which the taxes remain unpaid; but the average cost of purchasing a tract of one hundred and sixty acres may be set down at about fifteen dollars. When thus paid for, the purchaser is not required to make any improvement. All the title of the State to the tract or tracts purchased passes immediately, divested of all contingencies, to the grantee, by a deed which the laws declare shall vest in him, his heirs or assigns, a good and valid title, both in law and equity, and shall be received in all courts of the State as evidence of a good and valid title in such grantee, his heirs and assigns, and shall be evidence that all things required by law to be done, to make a good and valid sale, were done both by the Collector and the Auditor.

By Donation.—Donations of these lands are limited to one hundred and sixty acres to any one person. Any person wishing to obtain a donation of any tract or tracts, which together do not exceed in quantity one hundred and sixty acres, may apply personally, or by agent, to the Auditor, designating the particular tract or tracts for which a title is desired, who, upon the payment of his fee of one dollar and twenty five cents for drawing the deed, will execute a conveyance of the right of the State to the lands described, which title is rendered indefeasible in the donee, by a compliance with the requisitions of the law, which in substance are as follows: The donee to file in the office of the Auditor, within eighteen months from the date of his deed, the certificate of a justice of the peace, or constable of the township in which the land is situated, setting forth that five acres of the land donated to him have been cleared, fenced, and placed in readiness for cultivation. When this certificate has been filed, the deed vests in the donee a title of the same force and effect as that acquired by purchase, as mentioned above.

It is estimated that, at the present time, Arkansas holds about half a million acres of land, subject to be disposed of as stated above. These lands are situated in almost every portion of the State, embracing river bottoms, prairie, plain, and upland, of every grade, so that purchasers or donees, can make such locations as their interest or fancy may prompt them to select.

Many of these lands are already in process of rapid transition from their late wild state to profitable cultivation, and pleasant homes. This invitation is given to all classes of people of all countries.

A PIOUS COUNTERFEITER.

A Dr. Salisbury is now on trial at Rochester, New York, charged with the manufacture of bogus coin. The Doctor is a man of wealth, has occupied a prominent position in society, was a leading member of one of the churches, and yet it was given in evidence that after having spent the night, of a Saturday, for instance, in the manufacture of counterfeit coin, he would go into the Sunday school the next morning, and take a leading part in the exercises! He was a prominent mover in all the philanthropic projects of the day, remarkable for propriety, soberness and benevolence! This was his general character in the community, and yet from the testimony on the part of the prosecution, he is connected with a band of the most deliberate scoundrels that ever went unwhipped of justice!

It seems that he had constructed a room ten feet by twelve, and seven feet high, in the rear of his barn, on a side hill, dug out of the ground, which was covered over by plank, and on the top of this was placed a hen-house, so as effectually to prevent discovery. The door leading to it was concealed, so as that any one entering the barn a thousand times would not have observed it. The manufacturers generally worked at night, and just previous to the doctor's arrest, a man residing on the adjoining lot, discovered a light peering through the cracks, and on looking through, discovered Salisbury and another counting over what resembled money, and heard the doctor say that if the other had a certain pile he must pay part down or give security.

When preparing his press, &c., for operations, it seems that the doctor represented that he was getting a root mill made for grinding such roots used in his practice as were too bad to pound! The testimony on the part of the prosecution has been closed. In Chautauque county, where the defendant is well known, an intense interest is felt in the result. From present indications, the trial must result in a conviction.

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

The Stock Market has improved under the Caledonia's news. Cotton has gone up in the Liverpool Market. There was a greatly increased business in it, at an advance of ⅛d to ¼d. per pound.—This, though apparently a small advance, makes an enormous aggregate when counted on the entire crop, and will probably soon tell in a reduced rate of exchange. There was a good prospect for British crops, and American flour and grain had slightly receded in price—wheat 2d. to 3d. per 70 lbs., and flour and corn meal 6d. per bbl. Bacon was in fair request, though hams were dull. Lard, in spite of the unprecedented amount in the Liverpool Market, had all been taken at an advance of 1s. 6d. per cwt. The iron trade was still depressed; business dull, and prices ruling very low.—There were symptoms of improvement in the trade of Manchester—that is, there was more market, though yarns and goods did not command more money. The sugar market has become more active, and prices are on the advance both in the London and Liverpool Markets; still, the rates now current are, on the average, 14s. per cwt. lower than in the past year, while the stock is only 6,000 tons larger. The English money market has improved, greater confidence prevails, and the leading securities in market are enhanced in price.

SINGING STATISTICS.

We can conceive no more agreeable manner of making a fortune than by singing; there is so little labor and capital to be employed in the operation. We learn from the Albany Express, that in 5½ years, Christy's Minstrels have given 879 concerts, and with the following result:

Total Receipts,	$55,140 25
" Expenditures,	20,767 26
Nett Profits,	$34,372 99

In the year 1843, the entire profits of the Band were $700; but the last year the profits were more than $10,000! This is singing to some purpose. Mr. C.'s receipts for the last seven months, at the Mechanics' Hall, exceeded ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS per week!—*N. Y. Paper.*

BIBLE DISTRIBUTION IN ALABAMA.—An agent for the American Bible Society reports, that out of *one thousand* families visited consecutively in Alabama, he found *four hundred* families destitute of the Bible.

ABSURDITY OF THE LAW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NO. I.

I propose to give you a few desultory numbers on the subject of the absurdity of the law as it is practised and administered throughout the United States. I shall not descend and examine the minute defects of the legal edifice, but content myself with pointing out some of its most prominent imperfections.

In the first place let us consider some points in the law of evidence.

The object of every good system of law ought undoubtedly to be to ascertain the truth of facts, in order that the will of the legislator, made manifest by the law, should be applied, and justice administered; with that intention perhaps, the law has laid a variety of checks to prevent the substitution of truth for falsehood, of exhibiting a taper and passing it for the light of the sun. The rule is that all human testimony must be given under the sanction of an oath, and the witness must not be disqualified either on the ground of interest, or on account of his want of religious principles, or his infamy; or because he is incompetent on the ground of public policy; or by reason of his want of understanding.

The list of exceptions is evidently too long, as will be shown, but the rules applied to each are sometimes *perfectly* absurd.

The law will not open its eyes, it sees nothing unless in the blaze of noon-day, or what it deems such; rather than walk in a moderate light and act accordingly, it declares nothing is visible, unless made so by the glare of light. It will not receive any evidence, except under oath, nor will it receive it where the chances of its being the mirror of truth are as one hundred thousand to one. A man who has the least interest, say of six cents, in the matter in question, cannot be a witness, and yet his probity is known to be such that no interest whatever would induce him to deviate from the path of rectitude. But a man of the most doubtful character, unless convicted of an infamous crime, may be witness where he is swearing a large fortune into his own pocket, as in the following case: In a suit between Peter, plaintiff, and David, defendant; where the whole fortune of the defendant is at stake, the only son of David will be admitted as a witness for his father, and by his testimony will defeat the claim of Peter, and his father will keep a fortune which may the next day, and undoubtedly will, at some future time, (the son at least thinks so,) belong to the witness whose testimony saved it. Who will dare to deny the wisdom of the common law?

But how is the interest of the witness to be ascertained? There are two ways—by the testimony of other witnesses, or by the examination of the witness himself. We cannot but admire the wisdom of the law in relation to this subject. The proposed witness is sworn that he will make true answers as to his interest in the matter in controversy, and he is asked gravely by the person who objects to his examination generally, but who makes him his own witness, and by that very act gives him a credit, he is asked if he has any interest in the matter in controversy. If he has, and he tells the truth, then he is by law declared to be an incompetent witness, and he cannot be examined. If, on the contrary, he swears that he has no interest in it, he will be admitted, although the party opposing his examination may have a witness in court to prove that he has an interest.—Thus a man who tells the truth is rejected for fear he will falsify, and he who swears to a manifest falsehood is a competent witness to prove the fact in dispute. He is the light which shines at noonday to make the truth manifest, and which enables men to administer what they call justice.

BUBULCUS.

Pictures of Life.

SKETCHES BY THE CAPTAIN.

THE CHASE.

In 1835, I cleared for Malaga, upon the first whisper of the report that war had been declared between the United States and France. How the stupid rumor found its way into the Mediterranean I never could find out, but every American shipmaster there was off in a hurry, to avoid being caught, as caught he would be in that trap, if war actually existed.

The vessel under my command had a pair of heels of her own, and was moreover a very rakish, saucy-looking, not to say suspicious, customer. She was built for the opium-trade—a regular smuggler—and had made a mint of money for her owners, on the coast of China, before she came into my hands.

"Once out on the broad Atlantic," said Mr. Larkin, casting his eyes apprehensively towards every strange sail as he spoke, "once out on the broad Atlantic, and the devil take the hindmost."

Without let or hindrance, we cleared the Straits of Gibraltar, and spreading the wings of our dashing sea-bird on the Atlantic, dismissed every apprehension of molestation or capture. The excitement had not yet commenced.

Just as day broke, on the following morning, Mr. Larkin, who had the watch, turned me out with the alarm that there was a vessel in sight, and so near that a little more light would enable us to make her out without the aid of a glass. The worthy mate "suspicioned" her to be a French cruiser, though he could not tell why.

We were then under easy sail, although the wind was light. Friend or foe, as the stranger might prove, there could be no harm in spreading more canvass, and in a few minutes every inch that our craft carried was shaken out to the breeze. It did not allay our fears, the discovery that the stranger was also crowding on sail. She had discovered us. Half an hour later, and we could no longer close our eyes to the unwelcome fact that we were pursued by a French cruiser—a thirty gun brig, as we rated her, and a witch for sailing, as she proved herself to be. The knowledge of her character and her efforts to overhaul us, equally convinced us that the rumor of war was well founded.

"These Frenchmen," said Mr. Larkin, eyeing the pursuer curiously, "these Frenchmen have stolen all our models, from a seventy-four down to a revenue cutter; but it is one thing to build a vessel that will sail, and another thing to know how to sail her."

"They manage her beautifully, Mr. Larkin," I remarked. "But see, there's her flag—the tri-color and no mistake."

"And it would be only civil in us to show our own bunting," returned the officer. "Suppose we encourage 'em to take us if they can, by letting 'em know we are the chaps they are looking after."

"Certainly, Mr. Larkin, show 'em the flag, by all means."

We sent aloft the stars and stripes. A moment or two after, a volume of smoke belched from the bridle port of the cruiser, and a ball skipped along and disappeared just astern of us.

"Curse that gun," exclaimed the mate, "it's larger than I suspected her of carrying. We must get a little further out of the way or this will be but a short chase after all."

The Frenchman, thinking that his guns would tell, opened three of his ports and commenced pelting away at us. The balls fell shorter and shorter. We gained as the Frenchman fired; which he no sooner discovered than he stopped wasting his powder.

It would not interest my readers, a detailed nautical description of this flight. We discovered that by altering our trim (the brig had been hastily and heavily loaded) and relieving her of a part of her freight, we could make more way, provided the wind continued light. The hatches were thrown off and a part of the cargo discharged; the sails wet and every means adopted to increase the distance between us and the enemy. All that day long the chase continued, and when the sun went down the two vessels were no nearer each other than at day-break. But as the night set in the breeze freshened, and at midnight it blew a gale.

"This is bad for us, Captain," said Mr. Larkin, "the cruiser will have us under her guns at daylight."

The mate was right. With the first ray of light we discovered the Frenchman, who in fifteen minutes brought his guns near enough to blow us out of water. Captivity was inevitable. I ordered the vessel to be hove to, and advised the men to pack up their traps. The man-of-war came down and hailed us in excellent English. I answered all the usual questions, and was told to lay to until a boat was sent on board. The same voice that hailed, soon after saluted me on my own deck.

"Show me your papers—why these are all right. An American merchantman cleared from New York for Malaga—clearance from Malaga all correct—why, Captain," he continued, looking at me in astonishment—"what the d—l did you run away for?"

"Why, isn't war declared between the United States and France?"

"Bah, no."

"Then why did you chase us?"

"Because you looked and acted suspiciously, we took you for a smuggler, or perhaps a pirate."

We shook hands and parted. The Frenchman enjoyed the joke no doubt; I did not relish the loss of a part of my cargo, but the result was so different from what I anticipated, that I took the matter philosophically.

SCENE AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.—"'Bout what time does the teller-graph start?" inquired a green 'un, entering the Telegraph Office yesterday.—"Immediately," was the reply. "Don't though! well here's a dockyment want yer to put it in, will ye?" "Certainly, sir," said the clerk, proceeding to open the letter. "Hello, here, what on airth ye 'bout, that's a galling billit-dux to Becky, what business yer to open it?" "Why, my dear sir, we cannot send it unless we do." "Can't eh! well darn yer impudence, just fork it over will yer? I'll try the next shop!"

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 16th, Mr. Douglass, from the Committee on Territories, reported the bill from the House for the admission of Wisconsin into the Union, without amendment, and gave notice that he would move to take up this bill for consideration on Thursday.

Mr. Bagley moved to take up the resolution previously submitted by him, declaring that neither Congress, the territorial government, nor the people of any territory, have any right to prevent slavery therein.

A motion was made to lay this on the table, and after a debate, in which Messrs. Bagley, Foote, Bagby, Badger and Westcott, participated, the motion was carried by a vote of 26 to 9.

On motion, the Senate laid aside the morning business, and proceeded to the consideration of the order of the day, viz: the Yucatan Bill.

After some discussion, Mr. Bright moved to take up the bill surrendering the Indiana bond held by Government, upon the same conditions as the private bondholders had done.

Mr. Clayton offered an amendment, excepting the sum of $61,000 of the State Bank loan of 1836, which was carried, and the bill, as amended, was passed without opposition.

On the 17th, Mr. Niles presented a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for information in regard to the manner in which the interest upon the public debt had been paid in the cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, whether in specie or in other funds. Laid over.

The amendments made by the House to the bill allowing steamers plying between New York and New Orleans, to touch at Havana, for the purpose of landing and receiving passengers and mails, were concurred in, and the bill finally passed.

The bill authorizing notaries public to take acknowledgments, was put upon its final passage as amended, and carried.

On motion, the Senate laid aside the morning business and proceeded to the consideration of the Yucatan Bill.

Mr. Dix being entitled to the floor, addressed the Senate in a discussion of the merits of the bill. He supported the amendment at some length, and pointed out its advantages.

Mr. Hannegan rose and said that he deemed it but justice to the Senate and the country to announce that information had been received which was conclusive to his mind, that a treaty had been concluded between the whites and Indians of Yucatan, on terms that were liberal and just on both sides, and he therefore moved to postpone the bill until further information had been received.

A debate then sprung up in which the participants were Messrs. Underwood, Niles and Hannegan, during which, an exciting personal scene occurred between the two latter gentlemen. Mutual explanations were, however, made, and harmony was eventually restored.

After some remarks by Mr. Foote, directed chiefly against Mr. Calhoun, the Senate adjourned.

On the 18th, a report from the Secretary of the Treasury was submitted in relation to the quantity of sugar imported in the last four years. Ordered to be printed.

Mr. Thompson, of Louisiana, submitted a resolution to devote Friday and Saturday to the consideration of private bills. Mr. Dickinson moved to lay the resolution upon the table, which prevailed by a vote of 17 to 12.

The report from the Committee of Conference on the bill providing for the appointment of additional examiners of the Patent Office, was adopted and the bill passed.

Agreeably to notice, Mr. Turney obtained leave to bring in a bill providing for the payment of claims for horses lost or killed in the military service. It was read twice and referred to the Committee of Claims.

A resolution was adopted that the Senate adjourn from Monday till Thursday next, which was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Hannegan, the Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 19th, Mr. Dix, from the Committee of Commerce, reported a bill permitting the Spanish steamers to land passengers and mails at our ports without paying tonnage duties, which was ordered to be engrossed and read for the third time, after which it was passed.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the bill making appropriations for the West Point Military Academy was taken up.

Mr. Atherton offered an amendment, appropriating $2,000 for the expenses of the Board of Visitors, which was adopted, and the bill was read a third time and passed.

On motion of Mr. Bright, the bill for the admission of Wisconsin into the Union, was taken up and passed.

On motion, the House proceeded to the consideration of private bills, several of which were passed.

On the 20th, the Senate was not in session.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 16th, on motion of Mr. Vinton, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, in the Chair, and resumed the consideration of the Pension Bill. A number of amendments were submitted.

The Committee rose, and the bill, as amended, was reported to the House and passed.

On motion, the House resolved itself again into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. King, of Massachusetts, in the Chair, and took up the Naval Pension Bill.

Mr. Bagley addressed the Committee, not upon the bill, but in relation to the rights of Territories.

Mr. Wiley followed, and read a speech in favor of the Mexican war. When he had concluded, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Farrally, from the Committee of Conference, on the bill creating additional examiners of patents, reported that two examiners had been agreed upon at $2,500 salary per annum, and two at $1,500. Adopted.

On motion of Mr. Vinton, the House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. King in the Chair, and took up the Naval Pension Bill. After some remarks from Mr. Dickinson this bill was laid aside, and the Post-Office Bill was taken up.

A debate ensued respecting the Wilmot Proviso, in which Messrs. Woodward, Bayley and Murphy were the speakers, each of whom spoke ably upon the subject. Mr. Cocke obtained the floor, when the Committee rose.

Mr. Houston, of Delaware, offered a resolution that the House adjourn from Monday next over to the Thursday following, to allow the Hall to be properly ventilated, and the carpets replaced with matting, for the summer. Adopted.

On the 18th, on motion of Mr. Rockwell, the House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. King, of Massachusetts, in the Chair, and took up the Post Office Bill.

Mr. Cocke delivered a political speech, in which he defended the Whigs and assaulted the Administration, declaring that President Polk had been formally presented for re-election. He said that the President had been true to his principles, having rewarded the members of the Convention that nominated him to the tune of $700,000, to prove which he read a list of persons who had been rewarded.

A discussion of the amendments offered then took place, after which the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 19th, bills were passed establishing collection districts at Whitehall, N. Y.; Wareham, Mass.; Brunswick, Geo., and Buckville, S. C.

Mr. Haskell moved to take up the bill paying the expenses of the Macedonian's voyage to England, but the motion was negatived.

Mr. Rockwell called for the regular order of business, and the House accordingly resolved itself into Committee of the Whole upon private bills, Mr. Sims in the Chair.

During the consideration of Hodges' slave case, the debate became very animated, and brought out some of the very best talent in the House. Among the speakers were Messrs. Hodges, Tuck, Dickey, Rhett, Stephens and Garrett Duncan. Mr. Stephens made an able speech upon the rights of the South and the preservation of the Union. The bill was returned to the House without amendment.

On the 20th, after the transaction of some routine business, on motion, the House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. Root, of Ohio, in the Chair, and took up the bill in favor of purchasing the Madison papers.

Mr. McDowell, of Virginia, advocated the passage of the bill.

Mr. Bowlin, of Missouri, with others, opposed its passage.

Mr. Palfrey, of Massachusetts, spoke at length in favor of the bill.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, also advocated its passage, when the Committee rose and reported the bill to the House, when, on motion, it was read the third time and passed.

The House then adjourned.

Items of News.

M. DE LAMARTINE.—The poet of Elvira has in his general appearance a something which recalls Byron. There is the same beauty of face and look, there are the same habits of elegance and dandyism, the same *tournure*—a little trimmed, a little English, perhaps, but perfectly noble and distinguished! If you join to this, to complete the resemblance, the train of a great lord, a sumptuous hotel, horses of pure race, a magnificent chateau, you can then conclude that since Tasso and Camoens, the times are a little changed, and that one is permitted in our days to be a great poet without dying in a hospital.

THE HOUR OF FREEDOM.—The hand of the clock in the centre of the great facade of the Tuileries still points at a quarter past twelve; this is the hour the people made themselves master of the palace, and stopped the clock.

A WASHERWOMAN COMPANY.—A great fire lately occurred at Chelsea, a town opposite Boston, consuming the *factory* of a great *Washerwomen Company*, and large numbers of shirts ready for the tub, and also large numbers *done up* and ready for delivery. Among those consumed were the linen of the officers of two ships of war now in Boston Harbor, of the steamship Britannia, and of the "regular customers of the establishment," all worth about $12,000. This is a hard case for the sufferers, who will have "no clean clothes for Sunday and next week." They must turn their shirts till "the new ones come home."

"MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO."—There is a singular lawsuit pending in Neshoba, Miss., for the ownership of a mare. It appears that two persons lost a mare each about the same time. Some time afterwards one mare was found, which both parties claimed, both being willing to sustain each of their claims by their oaths. In addition to this, each party can bring forward at least thirty witnesses to prove their respective ownerships. Costs to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars have already accrued, so that this case reverses the old saying at the head of this article, for the mare makes the money go.

A BUSY DAY.—The day on which the next Presidential election will take place, the 7th of November, will be a busy one. Two millions of votes over the country record their suffrages for a a National ruler, and as the Telegraph communications will extend by that time over nearly the whole country, enough returns of the election may be known and telegraphed by the next morning to indicate with tolerable certainty whom the nation has chosen. This will be the greatest business ever done in one day in the United States, and the newspapers, as usual, will have a considerable share in it.

MASSACHUSETTS INSOLVENT LAW.—The Insolvent Law of Massachusetts has been materially altered by the Legislature of that State, making it conform more nearly than before to the English Bankrupt Law. Commissioners of insolvency are appointed, who hold Courts. No insolvent debtor who does not pay 50 per cent. is to be discharged, unless a majority in number and value of his creditors, who proved their claims, shall assent to his discharge—and no certificate of discharge to be granted until the third meeting of creditors, nor at any time, except at a meeting of creditors.

ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE OF TOM STEELE.—The celebrated Tom Steele, "Head Pacificator" in the days of O'Connell, made an ineffectual attempt to put an end to his existence on the 10th inst., by throwing himself off the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, in London. He was seen to perform the rash act, and a boat put off to his assistance. The only injury he has suffered is the shock to his system from having fallen flat upon the water. He wore his celebrated cap at the time, and took it off his head before he threw himself into the Thames.

THE MONTPENSIERS.—Little is said of the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier. The following statement, however, by the Madrid correspondent of the Daily News, is tolerably significant:

"I hear that in the establishment of the silversmith Navarro, there is dismounting, by order of the Duke of Montpensier, a jewel-hilted sword that belonged to Napoleon, which the ex-Prince succeeded in saving from the sack of the Tuileries. It is valued at £300,000."

THE LAFAYETTE FAMILY.—In the department of France in which M. George Lafayette lives, nine Representatives were to be chosen to the National Assembly. The people wished to make the members of the family seven of these nine. It is said that he told them that would not do. Finally at his very particular request, they only took him and his son, and took seven other good and true men.

SINGULAR MISTAKE.—The body of Major E. Kirby Smith, who fell in one of the late battles, was to be sent home to the United States. The coffin was waited for by a military funeral committee and the desolate-hearted wife of the deceased, at Syracuse. But when the coffin arrived, and was opened for one glance at the face of the dead, it was found to be the wrong body!

CURIOUS SIGHT.—Yesterday morning everybody in Louisville thought it was snowing. The whole atmosphere of the city seemed densely filled with snow-flakes. They turned out to be gnats or flies, little black bodied insects with white wings, which soon settled by millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions and quintillions, upon all the houses and upon the whole surface of the ground.—*Louisville Journal, 11th.*

THE LATEST YET.—The newest crotchet in machinery is to work two engines with the same steam, working it first high pressure and then low. High pressure engines have been made with double cylinders to work off the expansion, but this plan seems to be making the most of it. There are great economies to be discovered yet in motive powers.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.—Six years ago, says the Bangor Courier, potatoes were selling at twenty-five cents per bushel, and it took six bushels at that price to pay for a bushel of corn. Now a bushel of corn will not pay for a bushel of potatoes.

MISERY IN IRELAND.—In a lawsuit which took place in the county of Cork, it was established on proof that, during the year 1846, no less than three hundred tenants on one estate died of hunger and cold, and were buried in one common ditch!

Clippings.

☞ Blessed are they who are ignorant, for they are happy in thinking that they know every thing.

☞ Every wooden leg which supplies the loss of a limb lost in battle, is a *stump* speech against all war.

☞ A young man advertises for a place as salesman, and says he has had a great deal of experience, having been discharged from seven different stores within a year.

☞ An Anti-Consuming Tobacco Society has been formed in the village of West Thomaston, Maine.

☞ Why is a soldier more tired in the month of April than any other month? Because he has just had a March of thirty-one days.

☞ A "canvasser" for one of the new day boats on the Hudson, appeals for passengers thus: "This is the boat, gentlemen, fare nothing, and find you when you are lost."

☞ Passengers from Boston to New York, via New Haven, on Tuesday week came through in 9 hours; said to be the shortest time ever made on the route.

☞ The gem cannot be polished without friction; nor man perfected without adversity.

☞ An old lady, remarkable for her confused idea of the meaning of words, thus described a clear summer evening: "It was a beautiful bright night, the moon made every thing as light as a cork."

☞ In choosing a friend—especially if you want a whole-souled one—look always at his understandings—i. e., at the size of the feet. If these are large you may be sure he *don't stand upon trifles.*

☞ We have heard of a Quaker gentleman who is so averse to capital punishment, that he can't be persuaded to wear suspenders to his inexpressibles.

☞ "Jim," asked one little boy of another, on board of a down-east steamboat, "what do they ring that big bell so much for?" "Oh, Sam," replied the urchin addressed, "that's to make the boat go faster. You see they want to make her go like smoke, when they come where the villages is."

☞ An English paper before us says—"The earliest known advertisement made its appearance exactly two centuries ago, in the *Imperial Intelligencer*, and related to horse-stealing."

☞ Lady Morgan has written a very flattering letter to the Pope, begging of him to release her "Italy" from the list of prohibited works.

☞ The wheat crops, according to accounts from almost all parts of the Union, promise to be unusually abundant.

☞ An honest farmer living near Norwich was asked why he did not subscribe for a paper. "Because," said he, "my father when he died left me a good many papers, and I haven't read them through yet."

☞ "We praise men for fighting," said a caustic writer, "and punish children for doing the same."

☞ M. Versepuy, of Rome, states that he has succeeded in discovering the means of avoiding most of the dangerous consequences resulting from the present mode of making white lead. By his process the manufacture is carried on in a closed apartment, and none of the dust can enter the lungs of the workmen.

☞ Mr. Robert Owen, the Socialist, is in communication with M. Louis Blanc, at Paris, on the organization of labor, and promises that, if his plans be adopted, all the workmen of France shall, in less than a month, be fully and profitably occupied.

☞ During the late capital trial in Maine, one of the jurymen drawn for the occasion, being asked by counsel whether he had ever formed any opinion touching the guilt of the accused, replied very satisfactorily, that "he had *expressed* an opinion, but had never *formed one.*"

☞ Advices from St. Petersburg, announce that, by an Imperial ukase, no Russian subject shall be allowed passports for foreign countries! this restriction extends to merchants also.

☞ That only can with propriety be styled refinement, which, by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners.—*Coleridge.*

☞ England pays to Holland, Belgium and Holstein, about £3,500,000 per annum, for butter.

☞ Christophe, ex-sovereign of Hayti, who has been for some months past a prisoner for debt in Belgium, has been set at liberty, and furnished with funds to pay his passage to England.

☞ A case is on trial before the Supreme Court sitting in Worcester, Mass., in which the piece of land in dispute is estimated to be worth $5—the costs of the suits will amount to over $1,000.

☞ At a concert for the distressed poor of Stonebridge, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a man in the garb of a laborer, rose in the midst of the assembly, and exclaimed, "Mr. Russell, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

☞ An African Pelican was killed on the 2nd inst., four miles from Smithfield, N. C.

☞ In the hurry of a paper, little mistakes will unavoidably happen now and then. What is perfect—except one's baby?

☞ "You must stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder," said a distinguished politician, at a public dinner. "No, no;" cried a noted gourmand; "stand up to the fodder, rack or no rack!" is my way.

☞ Judge Benson used to tell a story of a jury that had under their consideration a case of horse-stealing. The penalty attached to this crime was at that time death; but, as palliating circumstances existed, the jury thought, in this instance, imprisonment would suffice; and they brought in a verdict of "*man-slaughter.*"

☞ Colored ladies, says an exchange, may be compared to many roses, because "they were born to blush unseen."

☞ Another actress, it is said, is about to be raised by marriage to the English peerage. Miss Julia Bennett, a lovely girl and charming actress, is about to become the Countess of Charleville.—This is the lady that was introduced among the peeresses in the House of Lords on a particular occasion, by that nobleman, and which gave great offence to her little majesty of England.

☞ Did you ever know a tall man who was an early riser? Such people notoriously *lie long in bed*. And yet, for all that, they often make out to *stand very high* in the world.

☞ John Donkey says: "Merchants generally die of the bilious, printers of the typhus, and brokers of the remittent fever."

☞ Little black-eyed women look very pretty—*when they are good-natured.*

☞ How many fond mothers and frugal housewives keep their pretty daughters and their preserves for some extra occasion—some "big bug" or other—till both turn *sour.*

☞ In one place, Richter says: "No man can either live piously, or die righteous, without a wife." A very wicked old bachelor of our acquaintance says to this: "Oh, yes! suffering and severe trials purify and chasten the heart."

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 5th to the 13th May.

May 5, received from

C. Brooke	$2 00	J. Banks	2 00
Misses Johnson	6 00	J. Cartwright	2 00
J. Buddy	2 00	T. Marley	23 00
A. McCallum	2 00	C. P. Spencer	1 25
J. Griffith	2 00	F. P. Fletcher	33 00
C. S. Adams&Co.	11 00	C. C. Merrid	5 00
G. Nugent	2 00	R. Todd	10 00
H. Clink	1 25	J. Bailey	5 00
J. Dungan	4 00	S. M. Miller	2 00
O. H. P. Stem	66 50	C. H. Clark	1 00
W. Hogan	2 00	J. Paxton	4 00
Mrs. A. Torbert	10 00	Mrs. L. C. Taylor	2 00
H. L. Munro	1 00	D. H. Camac & Co.	20 00
H. M. Hill	24 00	Miss S. C. Lane	2 00
J. Brown	5 50	T. D. Lynch & Co.	15 00
S. W. Ceed	3 00	A. C. Drane & Co.	10 00
Mrs. M. A. E. Davenport	2 00	Mrs. P. T. Whittle	2 00
R. D. Marshall	5 00	W. C. Shaie & Co.	10 00
May 6.			
C. Wood	2 00	W. H. Watson	5 00
J. Smith	1 00	J. L. Sprogle	5 00
J. M. Hanley	2 00	E. Hitesho	5 00
B. L. Rightley& Co.	11 00	S. D. Scovill	12 00
J. Hunt	5 00	J. B. Keeser	2 00
R. Evans	5 00	J. Smith, Jr.	1 50
J. Keeler	5 00	E. Jolly	1 50
Reading Room, Mass.	2 00	Col. J. Martin	1 50
W. H. Safford	2 00	T. R. Rounds	10 00
C. Crafts	2 50	G. Stout	1 00
C. Davis	6 00	Miss E. A. Estelle	2 00
J. S. Grimes	2 00	H. B. Pyle & Co.	20 00
A. Mulford & Co.	5 00	C. G. Lusher & Co.	18 00
A. Watkins	5 00	G. W. Tate & Co.	15 00
May 8.			
J. H. Hutchinson	2 00	C. C. Binkley	10 00
S. N. Sharp	10 00	H. Ryal	5 00
T. A. Miller	2 00	J. L. Sprogle	5 00
J. Brown	2 00	C. Adams	5 00
G. Shinholser	2 00	P. Fennagh	5 00
E. P. Massey	2 00	V. B. Palmer	5 00
D. Fraley	5 00	J. G. Hatcher	2 00
J. Walters	1 00	J. N. Richardson	2 00
D. Deihl	2 00	A. Carter	2 00
J. Conklin	2 00	G. Gilbert	3 00
W. Graham	2 00	M. C. Dunham& Co.	20 00
J. W. Robertson	4 00	P. C. Pratt & Co.	15 00
Mrs. L. M. Barclay	2 00	Mrs. L. A. Bell	2 00
J. Truesdell	2 00	W. T. Pratt & Co.	10 00
M. Babcock	6 00	Miss A. M. Dorsey	2 00
H. C. Jones	1 00	B. T. Thomas, Jr.	5 00
J. Hoy	28 00	C. D. Keith & Co.	18 00
S. Bradbury	20 00	Mrs. A. E. Amos	2 00
J. Wilson	7 50	M. H. Grey & Co.	10 00
W. K. Jackson	10 00		
May 9.			
Z. B. Yarrington	2 00	Miss E. K. Cooley	2 00
Mrs. F. Henry	2 00	Meshber & Co.	10 00
G. Stemmetz	2 00	W. C. Garner, Jr.	4 00
J. W. Campbell	2 00	H. L. Blunt & Co.	15 00
J. Houston	6 00	C. & S. Trent	5 00
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A. Price	5 00	C. T. Levers	2 00
J. J. Amen	21 00	H. W. Stratton & Co.	10 00
Rev. J. K. Bevan	2 00	Miss H. A. Plumley	2 00
Mrs. C. A. Lacey	2 00		
May 10.			
B. [illegible]	2 00	J. Goody	2 00
[illegible]	2 00	J. Dean, Jr.	6 00
N. L[illegible]	1 25	C. F. Kessler	4 00
A. Smi[illegible]	2 00	J. Murray	2 00
W. E. Ager	7 00	J. Clayton	2 00
D. Brenneman	2 00	L. F. Sassaman	7 25
J. W. Pate	1 00	Mrs. H. A. Ellis	2 00
J. P. Wright	5 00	Miss P. E. Webster	2 00
F. H. Kingh	5 00	B. N. Butler & Co.	15 00
Miss E. Urban	5 00	H. D. Lester & Co.	10 00
R. L. Baker	5 00	Mrs. K. C. Kelley	2 00
T. Slack	2 00	N. & L. Dunton	2 00
J. Shrigley	2 00	P. R. McMillan & Co.	15 00
H. Keesey	20 00	B. W. Choate, Jr.	2 00
May 11.			
S. Isett	10 00	L. Upler	2 00
S. Torbert	1 50	J. P. Ellis	2 00
Rev. S. C. Henry	1 50	J. Nesom, Jr.	1 25
G. H. Prince	5 00	W. C. Dummitt	2 00
P. Sneelser	5 00	H. L. Grant & Co.	25 00
J. W. Sussman	2 00	B. H. Harman & Co.	10 00
J. S. Wisbourn	5 00	Mrs. A. E. Carey	2 00
S. Waterman	2 00	Mrs. P. A. Scooley	2 00
Chrisman & Richards	7 00	H. R. Slaight	10 00
J. Stephenson	2 00	Miss M. A. Cook	2 00
Mrs. J. A. Pannell	5 00	D. W. McMurray	2 00
K. Wainwright	2 00	C. H. & J. Johns	2 00
Dr. J. C. Weidler	2 00		
May 12.			
Mrs. Limeburner	2 00	W. P. Conkun	3 00
H. Williams	2 50	M. B. Hain	2 00
J. W. Conard	2 00	W. Boyce	2 00
W. W. Overman	2 00	T. H. Holt	2 00
W. Stokes	2 00	H. Knowlton	2 00
S. Sellers	2 00	J. A. Ratliff	2 00
Elizh. Merritt	2 00	C. Weaver	2 00
M. A. Root	12 75	J. Matthews	2 00
Rebecca Boone	2 00	Miss E. M. Lincoln	2 00
G. Haddell	2 00	Mrs. A. C. Lindsey	2 00
C. S. Anson & Co.	24 00	D. H. Kirby & Co.	20 00
A. W. Wildman	2 00	L. C. Dabney & Co.	10 00
Maj. J. M. Dewey	20 00	A. D. Harvey & Co.	5 00
J. L. Sprogle	4 00	C. H. Wyan, Jr.	2 00
May 13.			
J. Stevenson	2 00	A. Lawson, Jr.	5 00
J. Lloyd	1 00	Strawn & Foulke	2 00
B. S. Benner & Co.	8 00	V. Smith	2 00
J. Short	2 00	J. Cutler	2 00
D. Engle	2 00	J. R. Hibberd	2 00
H. Lemon	2 00	Mrs. N. D. Lewis	2 00
V. H. Roberts	7 00	Miss P. A. Gibbons	2 00
W. Forster	5 00	L. C. Richardson& Co.	20 00
Mrs. S. J. Gray	2 00	N. W. Potter & Co.	25 00
K. Chamberlin	11 00	A. D. McMinn & Co.	10 00
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H. Hillman	1 00	Mrs. W. S. Rantoul	2 00
T. Ray	1 50	D. H. Bancroft & Co.	15 00
J. G. Marshall	1 50	W. & T. Seavely	2 00

(From the Boston Evening Traveller, Jan. 8, 1847.)

It is perhaps but an act of justice to the proprietors of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for us to say, that our personal experience in the use of this article has impressed us most favorably. One of the proprietors of the Traveller was entirely cured of a severe cough of four months continuance, by the use of this Balsam; and several of our friends and acquaintances, who have tried the article, have found it of great service in relieving them of severe coughs and shortness of breathing, with which they had been afflicted. Mr. Seth W. Fowle, No. 138 Washington street, is the general agent.

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Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER. *No. 24 South Third Street.*

Philadelphia, May 27, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. Bank notes	14 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	1 dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	2 dis
Erie	40 dis
Susquehanna county	2½ dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	5 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	85 dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	5 dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	1 dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	3 dis
Far. and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	25 dis
Atlas bank	35 dis
State bk.—Saugerties	1
Northern Ex. bk.	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va.&branch's	2 dis
Far. Bk. & branch	do dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	2 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	3 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	2 dis
Central Bk. of Mil.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	2½ dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	failed
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	3 dis
Small notes	3 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	3 dis
Small notes	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	5 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' bank	—

Miscellaneous.

☞ The John o' Groat Journal states that a merchant in East Ross, in his anxiety to cheat the poor, lately nailed a lump of lead to one of his scales. Fortunately for his customers he selected the scale which held the weights, and continued "doing himself" with great satisfaction for several months.

☞ "Are you in fun or in earnest?" said a fellow to one who was giving him some smart cuts with a cowskin. "I'm in earnest," replied the other, laying it on something harder. "I'm glad of it," said the first one, "for I don't like such fun."

☞ An inveterate wag intends issuing proposals to the principle cities of the world, to illuminate their streets, at a cheaper rate than can be done by gas companies; as he "makes *light*" of every subject that falls under his notice.

☞ Poetry is the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aquafortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love letters are the honey and sugar; letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.

☞ Cologne, or any other liquid perfume, made with essential oil, will scent a room much better and longer, if, instead of sprinkling it about, you pour a few drops into a glass of water, and put it in some central place.

☞ The Spaniards have a saying—"At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty to her equal; at thirty to any body that will have her."

☞ A race has just been run over the Union Course, L. I., between Fashion and Boston, in which the latter was beaten. Fashion made the distance (four miles) in 8 minutes and 17 seconds.

☞ Wit is brushwood; judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

☞ When is a bull-frog not a bull-frog? When it is a female; for then it is a *cow-frog!*

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James K. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevens, and W. Ramsey.*

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Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, New York and Canada.

I. L. SPROGLE, in Ohio, &c.

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

ALMANAC.

May 1848.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
27 Saturday,	4 43	7 17	9 38	
28 Sunday,	4 43	7 17	10 30	D. H. M.
29 Monday,	4 42	7 18	11 25	
30 Tuesday,	4 41	7 19	12 21	
31 Wedn'sday,	4 41	7 19	1 20	New 3 2 16
1 Thursday,	4 40	7 20	2 11	First 9 9 59
2 Friday,	4 40	7 20	3 1	Full 18 12 22
3 Saturday,	4 39	7 21	3 53	Last 25 6 48

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
May 14,	54	63	67
15,	57	70	77
16,	67	80	87
17,	60	65	68
18,	70	79	89
19,	72	83	90
20,	75	86	90

Married,

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. LEWIS C. FISHER, to Miss LUCY A. daughter of the late Benj. Cooper, Esq. all of this city.

On the evening of the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Rodenbaugh, ISAAC S. only son of Elihu McCamant, Esq. of Lancaster county, to MARY ANN, eldest daughter of James McPherson, Esq. of Montgomery county.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. T. Stork, Mr. CHAS. P. WIGGINS, to Miss MARY E. daughter of Chas. Dull, Esq. of Manitawille.

On the 18th inst. at St. John's Church, N. L. by the Rev. Geo. Boyd, D. D., ALFRED BROWN, of Newark, N. J. to Miss HARRIET J. daughter of the late George Whitaker, Esq. of the Northern Liberties.

At Baltimore, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Wm. A. Passavant, Mr. DANIEL E. GRIM, merchant of this city, to Miss MATILDA WALTER, of the former place.

At Lancaster, Pa. on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan, WASHINGTON BAKER, to MARY E. LANE, daughter of the late Elliott T. Lane, of Mercersburg, Pa.

In Frankford, on the 18th instant, by the Rev. H. G. King, Mr. JOHN HAMILTON, to Miss MARY PRYOR, both of Philadelphia.

On the 16th inst. by the Hon. John Swift, Mayor of Philadelphia, THOMAS MILLER, of Lower Makefield, to ELIZABETH M. KELLY, of Falls Township, both of Bucks county.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Higgins, Mr. JOS. I. BRIEST, Printer, of Trenton, N. J. to Miss VIRGINIA ELLIS, of Mount Holly, N. J.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Irvin H. Torrence, Mr. NATHAN GOLDSMITH, of Camden, N. J. to Miss ISABELLA STEEL, of West Philadelphia, late of Brooklyn, L. I.

On the 10th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes, PAUL CHAUDRON, to ADELAIDE WEBB, daughter of E. De Vendel, Esq. all of Mobile.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Coleman, Mr. JACOB LESLIE, to Miss MARY LESLIE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. George Higgins, Mr. SAMUEL SNEETON, to Miss ELLEN TOWNSEND, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 7th inst. at Manalapan, N. J. by the Rev. C. F. Worrall, Mr. JOHN D. VANDENBERG, of New York, to Miss MARY ANN, daughter of Cornelius Hope, Esq. of the former place.

On the 13th instant, by Alderman J. Mitchell, JOHN O. ROOKBACK, to AMELIA S. LAWTON, both of Pottsville, Pa.

Died,

On the 19th inst. SUSANNAH STEVENSON, aged 42.

On the 19th inst. the Rev. Dr. ASHBEL GREEN.

On the 19th inst. BENJAMIN, son of Benjamin and Elizabeth Crawford, aged 20 months.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. MARY EMMENS, aged 58.

On the 19th inst. Mr. JAMES MCENTEE, aged 56.

On the 18th inst. MARY SHANE, aged 86 years.

On the 16th inst. Mr. WM. NUNVILLER, aged 30.

On the 18th inst. CHARLES, son of Saml. S. Kindick, aged 14 months.

On the 18th inst. NATHANIEL, son of Nathaniel P. and Margaret A. Brown, aged 1 year.

On the 19th inst. WM. H. CLAYTON, aged 6 years.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. MARY A. LILLICH, aged 42.

On the 17th inst. LYDIA ANN, daughter of John and Susanna Fetters, aged 3 years and 7 months.

On the 18th inst. JOHN H. MOORE, aged 6 months.

On the 18th instant, SUSANNAH SHOBER, daughter of Archer and Eliza A. Brackney, aged 2 years.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. CHARLOTTA GREENWOOD.

On the 16th inst. JACOB WOLF, aged 62 years.

On the 15th inst. ELLEN, wife of Kester Hargreaves, aged 23 years.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. MARTHA WIMER, aged 26.

On the 17th inst. JOSEPH TAYLOR, Jr. aged 6 years.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. ELLEN, wife of Wm. T. Raeisnider, aged 22 years.

On the 18th inst. EMMA ALLENA, daughter of Chas. and Martha A. Goehr.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. ANN MAGUIRE, aged 30.

On the 15th inst. at New York, THOMAS H. YOUNG, late of this city, aged 42 years.

On the 15th instant, in the Borough of Harrisburg, MARGARET BENDER, aged 89 years.

On the 17th inst. SARAH FRANKELBERRY, aged 70.

On the 16th instant, MATILDA, daughter of the late Joshua Tyson, aged 48 years.

On the 17th inst. MARGARET TINKER, aged 41.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. ANN FOSTER, aged 32 years.

On the 15th inst. Dr. PETER MILLER, aged 75.

On the 16th inst. WM. BOCKIUS, Sr. aged 68 years.

On the 16th inst. JOHN BURNS, aged 7 years.

On the 16th inst. JOHN TWINING, son of Abram C. and Susanna Funston, aged 8 months.

On the 17th inst. ROSAN, daughter of Jas. and Sarah O'Donnell, aged 1 year.

On the 16th instant, ANNA BLANCHARD, daughter of Charles and Sarah T. Otto, aged 5 years.

On the 16th inst. Mr. MICHAEL SEYMOUR, Sr. aged 68 years.

On the 16th inst. Mr. EWAN HANSELL, aged 35.

On the 16th inst. JOHN MALLOUR, son of John and Ellen Russell, aged 16 months.

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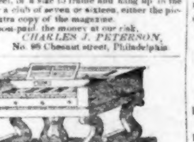

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For TEN DOLLARS, Seven copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Four copies of the Saturday Evening Post will be furnished.

For FIFTEEN DOLLARS, Seven copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Seven copies of the Saturday Evening Post will be furnished, with an additional copy of each to the Postmaster or other person through whom the club may be raised and the money remitted.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, we will furnish Ten copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Ten copies of the Saturday Evening Post, with a premium copy of each work for one year to the person raising the club and remitting the money.

For THIRTY DOLLARS, Twenty four copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Eleven copies of the Saturday Evening Post will be sent, together with a premium copy of each of said publications for one year.

☞ Orders must, in all cases, be accompanied by the money. Address, *SAML. D. PATTERSON,* Publisher "Ladies' Garland and Dollar Magazine."

1tks No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

IN EVERY AGE OF THE WORLD the professions have been slow to admit the value of new discoveries, or the expediency of adopting them in practice. It is not to the legal profession that we look for reform in jurisprudence, neither do we find the advocates of medical reform among physicians. Each deprecates whatever is found to innovate upon received opinions and established usage. Hence the opposition which medical men too often exhibit to the use of private remedies, whatever their acknowledged value, or great efficiency in the cure of disease. No medicine has ever done so much for the relief of human suffering than Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue. The certainty with which it cures Fever and Ague, and eradicates bile from the system, is acknowledged by all. Do you prefer a speedy and effectual cure, to a regular and scientific run of disease? Try the Cholagogue, and the object is accomplished. Then tell your suffering neighbor what it has done for you, that it may do the same for him.

For sale by JOHN M. MARIS & Co., agents for the proprietor, No. 9 South Third street, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally. may 20-4t

THE WAY TO EARN A FARM.

A GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—AGENTS WANTED in every County in the United States. A number of Agents, well recommended for *honesty, business-tact and integrity*, may hear of inducements of NO ORDINARY KIND, by addressing the subscribers, POSTAGE PAID. A small capital of from $25 to $100, will be necessary to make a commencement. For particulars, address, postage paid, G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Philadelphia.

NO LETTERS ATTENDED TO UNLESS THE POSTAGE IS PAID. ap 1-ly

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,

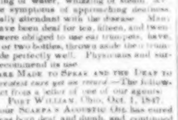
N. E. Corner Sixth and Brown Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* can not be surpassed by any in the *country*. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. ap 29-1y

N. B.—Omnibuses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.



FOR THE CURE OF DEAFNESS, PAINS, and the discharges of matter from the ears.

Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

THE DUMB ARE MADE TO SPEAK AND THE DEAF TO HEAR!—*The greatest cure yet on record.*—The following is an extract from a letter of one of our agents:

POST WILLIAM, Ohio, Oct. 1, 1847.

Dear Sir: Your SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL has cured one girl who was born deaf and dumb, and continued so until she was ten years old, when she got some of the oil of me and used it, and is now restored to hearing and talking plain. Yours respectfully,

WM. B. DEAN, P. M.

We expect in a few days from her parents a full statement of the history and cure of this remarkable case, which we shall publish.

This invaluable medicine is for sale by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third St., Philadelphia. mar 4-eowtf

CHEAP AND GOOD WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVER-WARE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at the PHILADELPHIA WATCH AND JEWELRY STORE, No. 96 North SECOND Street, corner of QUARRY, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases,	$30 and over
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	16 "
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled,	11 "
Silver Quartier Watches,	$5 to 10
Gold Pencils,	$1 50 to $7 00.
Fine Gold Rings,	37½ cents to $80
Silver Spoons, equal to coin, per set—Teas $5, Desert $10, Table $15.	

Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25.

Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Gold Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of M. J. Tobias & Co., E. Simpson, Samuell & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements which will be cased any style desired.

Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested. O. CONRAD,

jan 29-6m No. 96 North SECOND Street, Importer of Watches.

NEW PROSPECTUS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, satisfied from the experience of the last two years that it is the "manifest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now have the pleasure of calling the attention of the public to the fact, that the POST has been

GREATLY ENLARGED.

This enlargement enables them to lay the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the old area of the paper.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The faults of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be procured from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Essays, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the whole English and American world under contribution.

ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, in *moderation*, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA*. We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a *family paper*—*and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 4 years.

REDUCED TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we have concluded *to reduce our terms to clubs*, sent to one address, as follows:

4 COPIES,		$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for TEN DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

SIX COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and FOUR of the Ladies' Garland for TEN DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 182 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The premium offer made in the last Prospectus of the old firm, will be adhered to and continued. The offer is as follows:

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

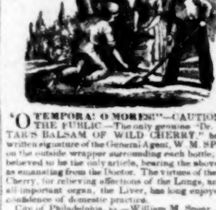
The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address

DEACON & PETERSON, 66 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or a fair abstract of it, or who will give a notice of the new firm and enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.



'O TEMPORA! O MORES!'—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The only genuine "Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY," has the written signature of the General Agent, W. M. SPEAR, on the outside wrapper surrounding each bottle, this is believed to be the only article, bearing the above title, as emanating from the Doctor. The virtues of the Wild Cherry, for relieving affections of the Lungs, and that all-important organ, the Liver, has long enjoyed the confidence of the general practice.

City of Philadelphia, ss.—William M. Spear, of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original recipe for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry for affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated Physician, and that he believes it to be the only one in possession of any person except the said Dr. Wistar himself.

W. M. SPEAR.

Sworn and subscribed before me, and city seal affixed, on the 1st day of November, A. D., 1847.

[L. S.] JOHN SWIFT, Mayor.

A copyright of the Balsam is secured.

Absurd as it may appear in the face of the above undeniable proof, an individual from Boston, Massachusetts, recently applied to the United States District Court of Pennsylvania for an injunction on the general Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, to prevent said Agent from selling the only genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, (said individual claiming the right.) Of course the Hon. Judge of said Court promptly refused it.

The Balsam is not one of the quack nostrums of the day, claiming to cure persons whose cases are beyond the reach of medicine; for restoring others to life; it only claims, and has proved in thousands of cases, to be the first, most efficacious, and only genuine preparation of Wild Cherry of the nineteenth century, for affections of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, frequently terminating in Consumption, ever offered to the public.

A liberal discount to Druggists and Country Dealers.

Look well to the marks of the genuine.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I have this day appointed T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 132 North Second St., Philadelphia, Wholesale Furnishing Agents, for the (only genuine) *DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY*, for the following States, viz.: New York, New England States, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

Also, for the interior of Pennsylvania. All orders for the Balsam will hereafter be addressed to them.

Also for sale, wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM M. SPEAR, No. 146 VINE Street, below Fifth, Philadelphia. General Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, for the (only genuine) Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

WM. M. SPEAR.

Philadelphia, March 27th, 1848.

AGENTS.

CUTHBERT & WETHERILL, 76 South Second Street.

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, S. E. corner of Front and Arch Streets.

G. B. ZIEBER & CO., 3 Ledger Building.

J. & W. PENFOLD & CO., New York.

A. McCLURE & CO., *DR. HERRICK & CO.* } Albany, N. Y.

JNO. F. PRESCOTT, Troy, N. Y.

CHAS. DYER, Jr., Providence, R. I.

REDDING & CO., *MRS. E. KIDDER*, } Boston, Mass.

JAMES GREEN, *D. SCOTT, Jr. & CO.* } Worcester, Mass.

H. & J. BREWER, Springfield, Mass.

G. W. WELCH & CO., Hartford, Ct.

J. GISH & CO., Lancaster, Pa.

DR. A. H. BARNITZ, York, Pa.

REYNOLDS & CO., Locksville, N. C.

JNO. L. KIDWELL, Georgetown, D. C.

ALEX. DUVAL, Richmond, Va.

Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5. ap 22-1y

CONVERSATIONS BY THE PEOPLE.—No. 5.

"SHAVING yourself, Harry?—that's a job that I dread;

After shaving, my face is as chapped, rough and red

As if I'd been scraped with a rusty old knife—

The reason, I cannot assign, for my life."

"The reason I'll give, Joe, for your profit, I hope,

Do not shave any more with that foul common soap;

Instead of dread, then your eyes with pleasure will gleam,

Never shave or be shaved but with Hauel's Shaving Cream." JULES HAUEL, Perfumer,

120 Chesnut street.

CONVERSATIONS BY THE PEOPLE.—No. 6.

"DEAR Sally, your skin is surpassingly fair,

Such beauty as yours is exceedingly rare;

Pray, tell me the fount whence such beauty doth flow,

I'd give half my fortune the secret to know."

"Then *look here*," my dear—the secret I'll tell

To begin—'tis not from the old fabled well,

Whose waters bring youth and beauty. Still louder

Sound its praises—'tis Hauel's Chinese Powder."

JULES HAUEL, Perfumer,

ap 17-ly 120 Chesnut street.

OLD FRANKLIN HALL.—We know of no better way of benefiting our numerous subscribers than by calling their attention to the CHEAP and mammoth stock of CLOTHING at No. 109 Chesnut street corner of Franklin Place. This very large stock consists of every style and quality, while the prices are far below those of any other store in the city. Their motto is quick sales and small profits. By this means they have outstripped all others in the quantity of Clothing they have sold, if you wish to purchase Clothing good and cheap, do not neglect calling at

ROCKHILL & WILSON'S

No. 109 Chesnut St., corner of Franklin Place.

N. B. Country merchants and strangers visiting the city will please call and examine. ap 29-ly

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Streets, Philadelphia. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

JOHN H. CHAMBERS & CO.,

Successors to ANDREW K. CHAMBERS.

nov 19-ly

T. B. PETERSON'S GREAT CHEAP BOOK, MAGAZINE, NEWSPAPER, PERIODICAL and PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT is at NO. 98 *CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA*, at which place any of the Magazines or Cheap Publications printed can always be obtained, or subscribed for. Particular attention paid to filling all orders suitable for the country trade.

REMOVAL.

E. G. A. BAKER, MANUFACTURER OF JEWELLERY,

HAS Removed from No. 7 Cherry Street, to No. 59 NORTH FOURTH, corner of Branch Street, where dealers in Jewellery will find constantly on hand and manufacturing a general assortment of Jewellery, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. [ap29]

LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and soreness upon touch immediately under the inferior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all able a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough; together with these symptoms, we perceive a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes sores in the mouth and throat, and very frequently Jaundice and Dropsy. The symptoms, if permitted to continue, will eventually produce that most baneful disease CONSUMPTION,—in fact, a majority of such cases originate from the irritating cause before mentioned. Cathartic medicines must in every case be avoided in the treatment.

JAUNDICE is a disease of which the principal symptom is *yellowness of the skin and eyes*, with high colored urine, and clay colored fæces. It arises from various causes; anything which obstructs the bile in its course so that it is taken into the blood, produces the yellowness of surface, in ordinary cases one or two bottles will effectually remove it, and make the skin clear and healthy; at this season such medicine is invaluable, it removes the cause of all fevers, and the danger of contracting the diseases of Summer and Autumn.

THE YELLOW FEVER of warm climates is only a variety of "Jaundice" depending upon irritation of the Gastro-intestinal surface; by the frequent use of these Bitters that disease can always be prevented.

DYSPEPSIA. The symptoms are very various—those affecting the stomach alone are *nausea, heart-burn, loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the chest, &c.* The sympathetic affections are very diversified.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. It generally accompanies Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. The symptoms are *fluttering at the heart, a choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.*

All of the above diseases can be effectually cured, as well as ASTHMA, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, FLATULENCE OR PULMONARY DISEASES arising from the Stomach or Liver, by DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

They are free from Acids, Quinine, Aloes, Mercury, and all Alcoholic stimulant, all of which are more palliatives in the above diseases. The success and all the advantage to be derived from the administration of internal medicine depend upon the stomach.

The functions of the stomach are of the utmost importance to every one, it constituting the source and fountain of life, which is nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.

The rare success in treating diseases of the Liver, Stomach, &c., successfully, has not been a want of pathological knowledge of their functions, but the preparation of suitable Vegetable Compounds, so as to obtain not only their whole power, but as they would be most effectual and grateful, acting upon all the sympathetic affections as well as the cause or seat of the disease.

These "Bitters" *will remove all acidity, and give tone and action to the most delicate stomach, and will in every case entirely destroy costiveness, and prevent frightful dreams*—they are *Entirely Vegetable*, and their power over diseases in the *Digestive, Biliary, Vascular, Respiratory, and Nervous Systems*, is not equalled by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures in this city prove, after the most skilful physicians had failed.

All can be cured who will use them as directed, if within the power of medicine.

These "Bitters," and the Spikenard Ointment will cure any case of *Inward Piles*; it is a rare occurrence to require more than one bottle of each for the worst cases.

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at the principal depot, *GERMAN MEDICINE STORE*, No. 278 *RACE STREET*, one door above Eighth, *Philadelphia*, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States.

☞ *They will keep in any climate.* may6-ly

THE CHEAP BOOKSTORE.

DANIELS & SMITH, *Corner of Fourth and Arch Sts., Philada.*, keep constantly for sale one of the most extensive assortments of *useful* Books in the city; and they buy most of their stock at auction. They sell a *great number* of Books at *Half Price*, and *all below* the "*Regular Prices.*" Our stock is composed of Old and New Books in Theology, (which department receives particular attention and embraces many rare works,) History, Biography, Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural Science, Poetry, Polite Literature, the Fine Arts, Travel, Political Science, Law, Medicine, Mathematics, (with Instruments, &c., &c., &c., including Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish and Italian Books, together with a very complete assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONARY at prices which never fail to give satisfaction to

TEACHERS AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Small Profits and Cash Sales is our motto. jan11-1y

☞ Second hand Books bought and exchanged.

☞ Books imported to order from London and Paris.

WANTED.—A NUMBER OF ACTIVE MEN TO GO SOUTH AND WEST; also, some in the NEW ENGLAND STATES, to act as Agents for the sale of New and Popular Works. $300 per year profits, over and above their expenses, will be insured them, with an opportunity of clearing $1000 per year, and more if they are active. Some men now in our employ will no doubt make over $1000 per year, clear of all expenses, and there are chances for others to do the same. Each man will have his district, and it will be necessary for them to have at least $25 to $50, to obtain a good fitting out.

Apply to A. WINCH, No. 116, Chesnut St., Philada.

All letters must be post-paid. mar 18-3m*

GUMPERT'S

INDIA EXTRACT.

TO THOSE SUFFERING WITH CHRONIC Rheumatism, Acute Rheumatism, Gouty Rheumatism, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Neuralgic Rheumatism; or any other form of this distressing disease—the *India Extract* is offered with full confidence of as good effects in affording prompt relief and a speedy cure. This preparation is as certain a cure for Rheumatism as Bark or Quinine are for Ague and Fever.

FOR SALE ONLY at No. 120 North SECOND Street, Philadelphia. mar 4-3m*

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. & MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALA.

☞ PLEASE TO READ THIS. ☜

A GOOD CHANCE TO CLEAR FROM $500 TO $1000 A YEAR.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY THROUGHOUT THE UNION, to procure Subscribers to "SEARS' PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE," and to sell SEARS' NEW AND POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS, universally acknowledged to be the BEST and CHEAPEST EVER PUBLISHED, as they certainly are the most saleable. Any active agent may clear $500 or $1000 a-year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter. The postage must in all cases be paid. Please to address,

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,

No. 128 Nassau street, New York.

☞ Specimen copies of the PICTORIAL MAGAZINE, to procure subscribers with, will be furnished to all who wish to engage in its circulation, if requested, (post-paid,) at the rate of Ten Mos. for One Dollar, Ten Cents for single copies. dec 18-tf

Selected Poetry.

SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

That pale and shadowy beauty,
It haunts my vision now—
The genius reclining
From the bending wreathed brow—
The high and saintly fervor,
The sweet and child-like faith,
The trusting glances, which say(?)
More than mortal sweet saith;
They haunt me when the night-winds swell,
And daylight cannot break their spell.

I see the blue eyes shining
Through the lashes as they fall,
An inward glory speaking
To the inward life of all—
A ray that was illumed
At the far celestial light,
And burns through mist and shadow,
A beacon ever bright,
Serene, seraphic, and sublime—
And changeless with the flight of time.

A faint, transparent rose-light
Is trembling on the cheek,
And lingering on the pale lip—
A glow that seems to speak.
It waveth like the taper—
Dim lit at forest shrine—
When night-winds whisper to it:
It breathes of the Divine,
With its ethereal mystery,
Too fragile of the earth to be.

Her grace is as a shadow:
As unfadeable—
Wedded to every motion thus,
And rarely beautiful.
Untaught, and all unconscious.
It hath a voice to me
Which eloquently speaketh
Of inward harmony—
Of Soul and Sense together swayed—
To the First Soul an offering made.

That pale and shadowy beauty,
It seemed an inward thing;
A spiritual vision—
A chaste imagining;
Not all in form or feature,
The fairy phantom dwelt,
But like the air of Heaven,
Was yet less seen than felt;
A presence the true heart to move
To praise, and prayer, and holy Love.

E. J. B.

Pictures of Life.

THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The lark went up to Heaven, seeming to beat his breast against the ancient sky: yet tiny speck as he was—scarcely discernible to the keenest vision, his song was audible to Lucy Hinchliff in his mother's little garden. Lucy was a daily governess, and was in the act of plucking a rose to adorn her bosom, before she set out to enter upon the day's routine. She cast her eyes around the modest garden—it was a very modest, very little garden—looked up at the lark once more, received the last note of its song into her soul, smiled at the gray-headed mother in the pinched widow's cap, who was standing at the window, waved her adieu and closed the small gate after her.

There was not in all the suburb in which we lived a better girl, a prettier girl, a more loving more dutiful daughter than Lucy Hinchliff. She first attracted our attention when we went, with satchel on our back, willingly enough, to school. She was younger by two years than ourselves—little, timid thing, as we remember. She had a father at that time, but we could see that the old gentleman was poor; and once we were prompted to offer her some of our victuals which we bore in our bag (for we dined at school) fearing that she had not enough to eat at home. It was only a boy's thought, and now we are more happy that we did not commit ourselves by the insult, than if we had realized our early dreams, those bubbles bred in a child's active brain.

Her father died, and they became poorer. A rich relation took Lucy away, to bestow upon her a superior education. It was all he could do for her, he said; though he kept his carriage, and his servants, and cast bread to dogs. She returned to her mother after three years, to aid their mutual support by teaching.

Who knows, besides themselves, the lives that daily governesses lead? Who has tasted, besides themselves, the bitterness of the bread they eat? The fine mistress may not frown too severely upon her cook or footman. They would resent it, and would seek another place. But the poor governess! That *she* will resign her engagement is not to be apprehended. And are there not dozens—scores, who would be glad to succeed her, if she gave herself airs? There are tragedies in real life more sad to witness than any of the histrionic art, and the life of the daily governess, in meagre circumstances, is one whole tragedy.

Lucy Hinchliff closed the garden gate, and passed from her mother's sight. It was a fine morning, and she was early. She had, therefore, no occasion to hurry, as she was sometimes obliged to do. She felt very glad that the morning was fine, for to tell a homely truth, her shoes—well nigh worn out—were far from being water-proof. She had sat all day with wet feet once before, from the same cause, and much need she had to be careful of her health for her mother's sake. She had a few acquaintances on the road she traversed—though she was familiar as their own children's faces to all the small tradesmen—they saw her pass so regularly morning and evening. The green-grocer would frequently tell his wife that it was time to get the breakfast, for the young lady with the music-paper was abroad. The toll-gate keeper was Lucy's only speaking acquaintance of the male sex. He had always a kind word for her. Nor did Lucy fail to ask him after the child that was scalded—a frightful accident that—or whether his eldest girl was at home yet, and other little queries. "There she goes," the man would say, when she had turned from him. "Her's is a hard life, poor thing!"

"Not hard, at all, Mister Marten," retorted Dame Wringlinen, on one occasion. "Hard, indeed. I think she's got a very easy berth o't. Put her over a washing tub, and give her three or four counterpanes for a morning's work, and see what she'd make o't."

"Ah, you don't know all!" said the toll-keeper significantly. And he was right.

The lady at whose house Lucy commenced the instructions of the day, was a very nervous lady indeed; and like your nervous people she was extremely irascible. Lucy's knock offended her. She hated single knocks. Why had they a bell if it was not to exempt the house from the vulgarity of single knocks? Once, in a fit of forgetfulness, the governess gave a palpitating double knock, and then Mrs. Robert Smith was astonished at her presumption. "Miss—Miss—I forget your name." Mrs. Robert Smith often contrived to forget a name which was the property of a humble dependent, and was so much better than her own.

"Hinchliff, ma'am," prompted Lucy on the occasion referred to.

"Ah, Hinchliff. Well, Miss Hinchliff, if, for the future, you would remember not to give a double knock, you would oblige me. I really thought it was visitors, and as I am in my dishabille, it set me all in a flutter—you should consider my nerves, Miss Hinchliff."

Poor Lucy! If she could have afforded to be so much in fashion as to own to the possession of nerves, the lady's nervousness would have infected her.

"Now, Miss Hinchliff," said Mrs. Robert Smith when the governess had taken off her bonnet and shawl on the morning we make her acquaintance, "are you up in those new quadrilles yet?"

"I am very sorry, ma'am, but I have been so much engaged—I only took them home the day before yesterday, and so little of my time is my own."

"Well, Miss Hinchliff, of course, if you have too many engagements, and my dear children are to be neglected on that account, it will be Mr. Robert Smith's duty to seek another responsible person, whose engagements are not so numerous; you cannot object to that, I am sure."

"Oh, ma'am," was Lucy's faltering reply; "I am too happy to be employed by you. I will be sure to get the quadrilles ready by to-morrow."

God pity her. She spoke the truth. She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Robt. Smith.

"I will excuse you this time, Miss Hinchliff," said the lady, conciliated by Lucy's answer, "but I shall certainly expect the quadrilles to-morrow. I think you said when we first engaged you, that you taught Italian? Pricilla is to learn it."

"I shall be most happy, ma'am!" replied Lucy, brightening up.

"Mr. Robert Smith says that he has read—he is a great reader, as you know—that there are some very pretty poems in Italian, though he called one by a very shocking name—a kind of play-house thing."

"Which was that, ma'am?" inquired Lucy, mentally reverting to Goldoni and Metastatio.

"You ought to tell me," replied the lady. "You know of course—the pretty Italian poem with the play-house name."

"Do you mean Dante's *Divine Comedy*, ma'am?"

"Yes, that is it—a very pretty poem—is it not?"

"It is considered a very fine poem, ma'am."

"Yes, pretty or fine—that's what Mr. Robert Smith called it; though I think, if 'tis a comedy, it shouldn't be called *Divine*."

Lucy assured the lady that the *Divine Commedia* was not a play in five acts with stage directions, but rather a religious poem.

"I understand your meaning," said her employer, "something like Milton, I suppose. I have heard Mr. Robert Smith remark—his remarks are so to the purpose—that Milton was a tragedy, quite. You will understand that you are to teach Priscilla Italian. And about the terms, Mr. Robert Smith says that you are not to increase them, as he really can't afford it."

"Ma'am," said Lucy, astonished.

"If you object, of course, we must find another responsible person, who will include Italian for the amount of your present salary."

Lucy's mother was in failing health. Need we say that she was "too happy" to teach Italian without remuneration, under the circumstances. On the same morning Mrs. Robert Smith dismissed her cook, who blundered at a *pate de foie gras*, and hired another at greatly enlarged wages.

The Widow Hinchliff was not only in failing health, but she was nearer death than Lucy had any idea of. When the poor girl returned home that evening—she went to six houses first, and walked a distance of seventeen miles—she found that her parent had been obliged to retire to bed. The servant, alarmed by her mistress's condition, had called in a neighbor, who only waited for Lucy's return to urge the propriety of sending for a doctor. Lucy not only assented, but ran herself to fetch one. "I can give you no hope," he said; and she felt that a blight had indeed passed over her young life. When one that we dearly love is stricken down to die, we look out upon the world as if we had no longer hope, or part, or any lot, therein.

She had to practice the quadrilles that night, on her hired piano, in fulfillment of the promise made to Mrs. Robert Smith. Her mother had fallen into one of those dozing, restless slumbers, peculiar to a state of sickness, and the thought of waking the notes of gay quadrille music in the house on whose threshold, even at that moment, Death, the destroyer, stood, shocked Lucy's feelings. No, she could not do *that*, let Mrs. Robert Smith say what she pleased.

She sat through the longest night she had ever known—for the heart measures the hours—not the clock—a watcher by her mother's bed. When the glad sunlight came gushing in at the casement, and lark after lark poured fourth his jubilant thanksgiving for his sleep in the dewy grass, she understood herself, and went to her own chamber, leaving the servant to supply her place. There was no visible alteration in her parent, when, with many fears and with one of the saddest hearts that ever beat in human bosom, she left the cottage upon her constant, diurnal mission. She was late, and had to walk hurriedly. It rained, too, and the water soaked through the leaky shoes. She had no smile for the toll-gate-keeper. He saw that she was sad, and contented himself with a touch of his hat, by the way of recognition. He was sad, too, for the scalded child had died during the night. "Best not to tell her now," he thought; "she has her own trouble this morning." God help her. She had indeed.

"You are full ten minutes behind your time, Miss Hinchliff. I never find you staying ten minutes over your time," was Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.

"I am very sorry, ma'am—but I left my mother at home very ill—dying, ma'am, the doctor says," replied Lucy, bursting into tears.

"Dying—dear me. Of course you feel very much put out; but punctuality, Mr. Robert Smith says, is the soul of an engagement—and you have a character to keep up—but as you are come, you can set Priscilla's mind at ease; she is dying to play the quadrilles, and to begin her Italian."

"I—I was unable to run them through last night, ma'am," stammered Lucy, "my mother was so ill."

"Then you are *not* ready with those quadrilles again, Miss Hinchliff;" exclaimed Mrs. Robert Smith; "really, at your age, a young woman should know the value of her promise."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Lucy appealingly.

"Of course, I take all that into consideration," replied her employer. "But you, as a responsible person, should know the value of a promise. However, I will excuse you, since your mother is dying—only don't let it happen again. You will commence Priscilla's Italian this morning, of course?"

"I have been so unfortunate as to forget my own grammar, but if Priscilla is provided with one—"

"Her father says that he cannot afford any Italian books—her French ones come so expensive. He thought you could have no objection to lend her yours."

What could Lucy say, but that her books were at Priscilla's service?

Her mother was worse that evening, and had been, as the neighbor said, delirious during her absence. Lucy asked herself whether she should practice the quadrilles. She was not long in deciding. Though they should go without bread, she would not forget her duty as a daughter. Her place was at her mother's bedside.

That day Mr. Robert Smith paid a visit to a friend, whose governess not only taught Italian for the same salary that was paid to Lucy Hinchliff, but also professed to include Spanish. When Lucy was admitted the next morning, the lady placed a small sum of money in her hand, and informed her that "domestic arrangements" would render her attendance in future unnecessary. The poor girl was not at all cast down by this circumstance. Was not her mother ill—dying, at home? She would not be obliged to leave her so early in the morning.

Her mother died three days afterwards. A letter sent by Lucy to the rich relation, brought a cool answer back, in which the writer recommended her to be industrious, and to "keep her character."

And now Lucy was alone in the world, in which are so many faces, and so many hearts beating with warm life. Even the toll-gate keeper had disappeared. His place was supplied by a stranger, a man of coarse, repulsive aspect. Lucy felt the loss even of that acquaintance.

Within a month after her mother's death, she was compelled to resign another of her engagements; her employer, a widow, having made dishonorable proposals to her. She advertised in the papers, but could not meet with an appointment. She had removed into lodgings now.

One night—it was a cold rainy November night—Lucy Hinchliff sat in her little room by her fire, pondering much over many things, but chiefest what it was fitting for a young girl like her to do who being unprotected, was exposed to so many insults. She gazed at her mother's portrait which hung over the mantel shelf, and seemed to ask advice of the dead. But the dead replied not. Only the bleak wind whistled. Only the rain beat against the window panes.

There was a stir below, as of feet coming up stairs. Lucy heard it without heed. The feet came higher and higher, however, and halted at her door; upon the panels of which a rap sounded as from determined, sturdy knuckles. The governess started, and cried, "Come in," and a man came in.

It was her old acquaintance, the toll-keeper.

But not dressed as he was formerly. No. He wore a bran new suit of superfine Saxony cloth, and a gold watch-guard communicated with his vest pocket. As far as equipment went, he was in all respects the gentleman. And in the heart besides.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, for intruding upon you," he said, bashfully. "I am come to speak to you about educating my children."

Lucy bowed. She thought she had misunderstood him.

"I am come into a large fortune lately, Miss,—a very large fortune—a matter of a thousand a-year. I knew no more of it, three months ago, bless you, than the man in the moon; and I think, and my wife thinks, that our girls ought to be educated."

"Certainly," said Lucy, vacantly. She thought he was dreaming.

"And so we agreed that if you would come and live with us—we live in a fine house now—and be one of ourselves, and teach the children, we thought that we should take it very kind of you."

"Yes," assented Lucy, mechanically, for she was not a whit the nearer waking.

"And if you would think two hundred pounds a-year, and a room of your own, enough, it's yours to-morrow; and that's all about it."

The speaker, in the excitement of having accomplished his errand, clapped his hat on his head, and breathed freely. But he recollected himself, and took his hat off again.

"You wish me to be governess to your children? Do I understand you aright?" said Lucy, only half conscious that the scene was real.

"Yes, Miss, if you please; and if two hundred a-year would satisfy you, why—why its done, and that's just where it is."

"I thank God," cried Lucy, bursting into tears. She was wide awake, and understood all now.

It was all true—that was the best of it. The man had really inherited a large fortune, left him by some relative, hitherto unheard of. And was not his early thought about the poor governess who gave him a good word every morning, and inquired after Billy, who was scalded? Yes; for he had heard of her mother's death, and the proud consciousness of being able to confer a benefit on an orphan girl, elated his heart as much as the possession of a thousand pounds per annum. Lucy, of course, would not consent to receive the salary he had named. How it was finally settled, the chronicler knows not; but Lucy dwells with the *quondam* toll-keeper, and looks happy—very happy.

A small white stone has been erected at her mother's grave. You may see it, if you will walk for the purpose, to Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke Newington.

TIGHT LACING.

Physicians are writing volumes on the evils of tight lacing, and publishing diagrams to show how the human family may be screwed up, to the utmost danger of lungs and respiration. But we have a more practical development of the evil in the long life of a female who abhorred tight lacing. Mrs. Charity Berry, of New Jersey, who died lately at the age of one hundred and ten years, always abhorred tight lacing. She had thirteen children, all of whom yet live, and she was remarkable for her opposition to this practice. Fashion kills more of her votaries, than cold climates or damp locations, than the Torrid Zone or even Pandora's Box. From the year 1795 to 1800, tight lacing was entirely abandoned; but it came up again, and has since been gradually increasing until consumption has become a kind of epidemic. Those ladies who are ambitious to live until the age of one hundred and ten, like Mrs. Berry, should cut away the stay lace, breathe free, and shout *Vive la Liberte!*—*Morning Star.*

Story of Leap Year.

THE GIRL WHO WOULD BE MARRIED.

Messrs. Editors—I was much pleased with the domestic sketch of "Turning Over a New Leaf," in a January number. If you think the following story worthy of being a sequel to it, please publish it. It is a true tale, and happened in the neighborhood in which I was born. I have heard my mother relate the circumstances many a time and oft—and I personally knew the family well:

Mr. W—— had by industry and economy accumulated a large property. He was a man of rather superior mind and acquirements, but unfortunately became addicted to habits of intemperance. Naturally fond of company, and possessing superior conversational powers, his society was much sought, and he eventually became a sot. His wife was a feeble woman, without much decision of character, but an only child, a daughter, was the reverse, illustrating one of those singular laws of nature, that the females oftenest take after the father in character and personal peculiarities, and the males after the mother.

Mary, for so we will call her, was well aware of the consequences that would inevitably follow her father's course, and had used every exertion of reason and persuasion in her power, to induce him to alter his habits, without avail; his resolutions and promises could not withstand temptation, and he pursued his downward course, till the poor girl despaired of reform, and grievously realized what the end must result in.

John D—— was a young man from the East, possessed of a good education, as all our New England boys are, and the most indomitable industry and perseverance—was working on the farm of a neighbor by the month.

Mary, on going on some errand to the next house, met him on the road with the usual salutation—

Mary—"Good morning, Mr. D——."

John—"Good morning, Miss W——. How's your health?"

Mary—"Well, I thank you—but, to tell the truth, sick at heart."

John—"Pray, what is the trouble—what can affect a cheerful, lively girl like you, possessing everything to make you happy?"

Mary—"On the contrary everything conspires to make me miserable. I am almost weary of life—but it is a subject I cannot explain to you, and yet I have sometimes thought I might."

John—"Anything that I can do for you, Miss W——, you may freely command."

Mary—"That is promising more than you may be willing to perform; but to break the ice at once, do you want a wife?"

John—"A wife! Well, I don't know—do you want a husband?"

Mary—"Indeed I do, the worst way. I don't know but you will think me bold, and deficient in that maidenly modesty that becomes a young woman; but if you knew my situation, and the afflictions under which I suffer, I think it would be some excuse for my course."

John—"Have you thought of all the consequences—my situation. I am poor—you are rich—I am a stranger, and—"

Mary—"Indeed I have, till I am almost crazy. Let me explain—you and every one else know the unfortunate situation of my poor father. His habits are fixed beyond amendment, and his property is wasting like the dew before the sun. A set of harpies are drinking his very heart's blood, and rum and misery stare us in the face. We are almost strangers, it is true; we have met in company a few times, but I have observed you closely. Your habits, your industry, and the care and prudence with which you manage your employer's business, has always interested me."

John—"And yet, my dear young lady, what can you know of me, to warrant you in taking such an important step?"

Mary—"It is enough for me that I am satisfied with your character and habits—your person and manners. I am a woman and have eyes. We are about the same age; so if you know me and like me well enough to take me, there's my hand."

John—"And, my dear Mary, there's mine, with all my heart in it. Now, when do you desire it to be settled?"

Mary—"Now, this minute; give me your arm and we will go to Squire B——'s and finish the bargain at once. I don't want to enter our house of distress again until I have one on whom I can rely, to control and direct the affairs of my disconsolate home, and support me in my determination to *turn over a new leaf* in our domestic affairs."

John—"But not in this old hat and shirt sleeves."

Mary—"Yes, and I in my old sun bonnet and dirty apron. If you are content, let it be done at once. I hope you will not think I am so hard pushed for a husband as that comes to, but I want a master. I am willing to be mistress, but to be master is more than I am equal to; I will then take you home and introduce you to my parents as my own dear husband, signed, sealed and delivered."

John—"So be it—permit me to say that I have always admired you from the first minute I saw you, for your beauty, energy, and industrious habits and amiable deportment."

Mary—"Now, John, if that is sincere, this is the happiest moment of my life, and I trust our union will be long and happy. I am the only one my poor father will hear to; but, alas, his resolutions are like ropes of sand. I can manage him on all other subjects; you must take charge of his business and have the sole control; there will be no difficulty, I am confident in the result."

They were married, and a more happy match was never consummated. Everything prospered, houses and barns were repaired, fences and gates were regulated, and the extensive fields smiled and flourished like an Eden. The unfortunate father in a few years sunk into a drunkard's grave. Mary and John raised a large family; he was for many years a Justice of the Peace in his town, and they still live, respected and wealthy—and all from an energetic girl's resolution, forethought and courage and the prudential use of the young ladies' privilege of putting the initatory question during the maiden's jubilee of Leap Year.—*Democratic Reflector.*

Humorous Poetry.

THE CAT SERENADE.

WITH AN EXPLANATORY INDEX.

[*The cat discourseth of the night.*]

It is the hour—the dewy hour,
Of fading light and folding flower,
And night and love, and beauty's power
M-e-e-o-u.

[*And prayeth for his mistress' favor.*]

Sweet Tabby, from thy garret high,
I pray thee send a loving eye,
And hear thy faithful Tommy sigh
M-e-e-o-u.

Now sleeps the moonlight on the hill,
The winds are hushed, the waves are still,
All silent save the bubbling rill
M-e-e-o-u.

[*The cat inviteth his mistress to a banquet.*]

Oh come with me across the street,
And I will spread a noble treat,
Of all that tabbies love to eat
M-e-e-o-u.

[*The cat pleadeth his sufferings.*]

Oh bid me not alone depart!
I feel the burning tear-drop start—
Oh speak, and heal a bursting heart
M-e-e-o-u.

[*And describeth his treat.*]

And we will have a cosy chat,
For I've a splendid haunch of rat,
Just cooked to suit a lady cat
M-e-e-o-u.

[*Showeth why the cat loveth.*]

I love thee for thy whiskered face,
Thy tuneful purr, thy noiseless grace,
Those eyes of green—that noiseless pace
M-e-e-o-u.

[*And why he loveth not.*]

I love thee, not for hoarded pelf,
Or stolen scraps from pantry shelf—
But oh! I love thee for thyself
M-e-e-o-u.

[*The cat waxeth jealous.*]

And if another cat should dare,
With look of love on thee to glare,
By Heaven I'll eat him, hide and hair.
M-e-e-o-u.

[*And showeth resentment.*]

For though, alas! in vain I pine,
No baser breath shall soil the shrine,
Once hallowed by a flame of mine.
M-e-e-o-u.

[*And prophesyeth his coming death. "Requiescat in pace!"*]

Too great I feel this load of woe!
Soon, soon in death I slumber low,
And o'er my grave shall catnip grow
M-e-e-o-u.

[*The cat exalteth his voice.*]

Yet once again before I die,
I raise my feeble love notes high—
And loud, and yet a louder cry!
M-e-e-o-w-y-e-e-o-u!—y-e-a-o-u-u-o-o-w!!!

[*Poet soliloquizeth from a window.*]

The fiend torment that squalling cat!
Out! night-disturbing vermin! scat!
I'll spoil your beauty, *deuce*!—take that!

[*Dischargeth a poker—grand finale of caterwauling.—The cat decampeth.*]

A Witty Dedication.—Mrs. Cowden Clarke has just published a volume of proverbs from the works of Shakespeare. She dedicates the work to Douglas Jerrold, in the following style: "To Douglas Jerrold, the first wit of the present age, these proverbs of Shakespeare, the first wit of any age, are inscribed by Mary Cowden Clarke, of a certain age, and no wit at all."

AN ITALIAN PRINCESS.

FROM THE COURRIER DES ETATS UNIS.

The Princess Belgioso has been for the last two years one of the most renowned belles of Paris. At her first arrival in the French capital, she took the lead as a beauty,—the perfection to she was of a glowing young Italian—but her wit and conversational powers soon left her beauty a secondary thing, and even of this pre-eminence she in a year or two became impatient. With keen and ready industry she took up science, and before long became the beautiful centre of a circle of men of learning, lastly, even, having written a work of divinity which added to the respect of superior men for her powers.

The Princess was lately called upon by a scientific gentleman. On entering her drawing-room, he observed a young officer, and and did not immediately recognise his fair friend under the disguise of the uniform. Her hair had been cropped short, and curled close to her head *a la Titus*. Her military frock was buttoned over her well-rounded chest to the throat. The stripe down the pantaloon was fitted to the boot with the imperative turn that gives a meaning to the spur, and there was but the one exception, which all women make to the correctness of masculine costume—the cap was cocked too far on one side.

"How am I to explain this new phase of our favorite planet?" said the astronomer, making, at the same time, the best possible use of his eyes.

"Ah!" replied the Princess, "you did not observe my travelling-costume in the ante-room as you came up?"

"And where bound in these troubled times?" he asked, with wonder.

"To the wars—to the wars!" she exclaimed, striking her heels together with a drill thump that made the apartment ring. "Italy—my country—is at war with the tyrannical Austrian, and I am off in an hour."

"Not famous enough, my dear Princess?" pathetically sighed the astronomer—"beauty, wit, science, theology, have all done their best for you, and still you are athirst for distinction?"

The Princess threw off her dramatic manner and looked grave.

"It is not altogether for a new fame," she said, in another tone, "though that goes for something, as it well may—but my country, Italy, is a land worth striking a blow for, even with so poor a hand as this, and I go to raise men with what money I can command, and to lead them if need be."

The Princess looked like an enthusiastic young officer of eighteen, while she spoke, though she is now past thirty—her male dress had so rejuvenated her—and her learned friend describes her expression, tone and beauty together, as having been memorably attractive.

The account of this morning call has become current since the news from Italy, that, in the late attack of the Sardinian army upon the Austrian, the Princess led two hundred men, of her own arming and equipping, and behaved herself most gallantly.

For the Children.

THE GARRET.

For the above engraving and the following illustrative verses, we are indebted to "The Girls' and Boys' Miscellany," an entertaining work for children, lately published by Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, of this city.

The rage for improvement,
Has made such a movement,
A garret can hardly be found;
For sadly diminished,
The attics are finished
As if they were close to the ground.

In days of vacation,
The children their station
Of old, in the garret would take.
The rain, with its patter,
Would join with their clatter,
And oh, what a noise they would make!

And there, well protected,
A swing was erected,
Which much they delighted to use;
Then, pleasures abiding,
Were chasing and hiding,
And hunting for thimbles and shoes.

They laughed, while unfolding,
And clearly beholding,
The treasures from under the eaves,
Such bonnets with angles,
Such buckles and spangles!
Such fanciful patterns for sleeves!

The coffee-mill grinding,
The spinning-wheel finding,
And piling the ancient reviews,
The smoke-house exploring,
And counting its storing,
Could always the children amuse.

The patience of nurses,
Or mistresses' purses,
Of late must have rapidly grown,
Or garrets, so precious,
For antics so specious,
Would not have been banished from town.

S. S. T.

Wit and Humor.

EVILS OF HAVING ONE'S LIFE SAVED.

Moral writers, from Solomon downwards, have laid much stress on the danger of being under an obligation; and their cautions seem well founded. It is pleasant to have good actions done us: but not if we are to be unceasingly reminded of them and the gratitude we owe. A friend of ours was saved from drowning by a person with whom he was slightly acquainted. Of course he thanked his deliverer profoundly. Ever afterwards the philanthropic gent stuck to him like a burr. He clung to him like the Old Man of the Sea to Sinbad the Sailor. He dogged and haunted him at every step, constantly asking favors on the plea that he had saved his life. Our friend bore this with philosophic equanimity for a long while, only now and then invariably cursing his ill-luck in being pulled out of the water. At last, being asked one day, for the five-hundredth time, "Well, Jones, you'll stand treat to-day, I 'spose—saved your life you know?" our friend lost all patience, and in a voice which made the fellow's hair stick up like the fretted porcupine's, "broke down" upon him as follows: "Yes, sir, I will treat this time and the last, though I have paid that debt twice over long ago. But, sir, mark me! if ever you catch me drowning again, *let me sink—let me go, hook and line, bob and sinker, to Davy Jones's locker*—but don't attempt to rescue me, for *it would have been $1,000 in my pocket if you had let me drown before!*"

MR. CLAY AND THE LADIES.

I was reading in the New York papers, last night, the account of the reception given to Mr. Clay in the city. Bime-by I come to whar the editor sed—"Thousands of ladies arrayed in smiles, whose sweetness might have attracted angels from their spheres, called on Mr. Clay, at the Governor's room; and it is calculated that full *nine thousand kissed or shook hands with him in the course of two hours.*"

"What!" ses Mary, her eyes shinin' like diamonds—"Mr. Clay kissed nine thousand wimmin in two hours!"

"The paper ses so," ses I.

"Well," ses she, "I think he'd a great deal better be home kissing his own wife."

"Pshaw, Mary," ses I, "that's nothing; he just done it to please the ladies what wanted to pay their respects to him."

"To please the ladies, indeed! I don't care," ses she; "I don't believe in no sich carryins on as kissing other people's wives; and if I was Mrs. Clay, I'd let him know what I thought of such conduct as he come home, so I would," and her face flushed up dreadful.—*Major Jones.*

EDITORIAL WIT.

Two brother types once met, after a long separation, during which they had each embarked in rather unprofitable enterprises in newspaperdom.

"Why, what in the world made you smash?"

"I couldn't account for it; people said my paper was racy, and all that," replied the other.

"*Racy!* cried the first—"there lies the secret of your failure, it *ran* you into debt."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the second; "but what brought you down?" he asked.

"My subscribers absquatulated—every soul of 'em ran away," was the answer.

"*Ran away*, eh?" cried the friend; "there indeed lies the secret of your failure; instead of your paper, your subscribers were *racy*."—*Boston Rambler.*

An Old Complaint.—It requires patience, as well as patients, to be a successful doctor. No class of the latter tax the former more severely than ignorant old women. Half of their complaints are more fanciful than real; and neither can be cured except by seeming to humor their whimsical, bugbear notions. Not long since, a physician in the town of W——, Maine, was sent for in great haste by an old lady who dwelt two or three miles off. The doctor drove rapidly to the house, putting the spurs to his dark bay, till the sweat ran from the animal's sides in streams. When asked what ailed her, the old lady replied, in a sad sepulchral tone, that "she had no feeling—no pain—no anything—but felt no kind of *slarruppy-like*!"

White Logicly.—A clergyman in Massachusetts, more than a century ago, addressed a letter to the General Court on some subject of interest that was under discussion. The clerk read the letter, in which was this remarkable sentence:—"I address you not as magistrates, but as *Indian devils*." The clerk hesitated, and looked carefully, and said, "Yes, he addresses you as *Indian devils*." The wrath of the honorable body was aroused, they passed a vote of censure, and wrote to the reverend gentleman for an explanation; from which it appeared that he did not address them as magistrates, but as *individuals*.

A Pleasant Valediction.—Before the Bishop of New Zealand departed, Sidney Smith, in taking leave, affected to impress upon his friend the dangers of his mission. "You will find," he said, "in preaching to cannibals, that their attention, instead of being occupied by the spirit, will be concentrated on the *flesh*; for I am told that they never breakfast without a cold missionary on the sideboard." In shaking hands with the new prelate as he was leaving the house, the reverend wit added "Good bye. We shall never meet again; but let us hope that you may thoroughly disagree with the savage who eats you."

WHAT MAKES A KING?

FROM SENECA'S THYESTES, IN LEIGH HUNT'S FEAST OF POETS.

'Tis not wealth that makes a king,
Nor the purple's coloring,
Nor a brow that's bound with gold,
Nor gates on mighty hinges roll'd.

The king is he, who void of fear,
Looks abroad with bosom clear;
Who can tread ambition down,
Nor be sway'd by smile or frown—
Nor for all the treasure cares
That mine conceals or harvest wears,
Or that golden sands deliver,
Bosom'd in a glassy river.

What shall move his placid might?
Not the headlong thunder's light,
Not the storm that rushes out
To snatch the shivering waves about,
Nor all the shapes of slaughter's trade,
With forward lance, or fiery blade.
Safe with wisdom for his crown,
He looks on all things calmly down,
He welcomes fate, when fate is near,
Nor taints his dying breath with fear.

Grant that all the kings assemble
At whose tread the Scythians tremble;—
Grant that in the train be they
Whom the Red-Sea shores obey,
Where the gems and crystal caves
Sparkle up through purple waves!
Bring with these the Caspian stout,
Who scorns to shut th' Invader out,
And the daring race that tread
The rocking of the Danube's bed;
With those again, where'er they be,
Who lapp'd in silken luxury
Feed, to the full, their lordly will;—
The noble mind is monarch still.

No need has he of vulgar force,
Armor or arms, or chested horse,
Nor all the idle darts that light
From Parthian in his feigned flight,
Nor whirling rocks from engines thrown,
That come to shake whole cities down.

No!—to fear not earthly thing,
This it is that makes the king,
And all of us, whoe'er we be,
May carve us out this royalty.

Science and Art.

IMPORTANT INVENTIONS.

Mr. David Isham, a machinist, of Hartford, Connecticut, has recently invented a process by which cast iron can be converted, almost instantly, and with but slight expense and labor, into steel—Twenty minutes only are necessary to convert a ton of iron into steel of the best quality, a process ordinarily requiring from six to ten days. The inventor has been offered $12,000 for the patent right, for the State of Pennsylvania alone. Articles manufactured from steel thus prepared, have been proved and found equal to those manufactured from the best English steel. If this invention is really what it purports to be, it will destroy one great branch of English labor and add much to the wealth of this country.

The Rev. Mr. Pepper, a Presbyterian clergyman, of Albany, New York, has invented a compound of clay, called Argillo, which resembles in structure and appearance the richest variegated agates. It is to be used for door knobs, pavements, table tops, and other ornamental articles. It surpasses in brilliancy any known variety of marble, and is equally cheap. The Hartford Whig speaks of it in the following terms:—"No one, who has not seen it, can form an idea of its beauty and illimitable variety of color. It is so hard as to resist any scratch except that of a chrystal or diamond. Already, Mr. Calhoun has introduced in the Senate a resolution, which passed instantly, to the effect, that all the floors of the public offices in the Capitol should be made of this beautiful material."—*Springfield Republican.*

NEW WHITE PAINT.

The new white paint, of which a temporary mystery was lately made, and the basis of which we anticipated to be either antimony or bismuth (the latter a metal proposed by Regnault to be classed with antimony itself,) formed the subject of a paper read by Mr. Forrest, the discoverer, at the Liverpool Polytechnic Society, on Monday last week; when he announced his intention to make a present of it to the public, intimating, at the same time, that it consisted of white oxide of antimony (argentine flowers, as it used to be called by the old chemists,) and that it had many advantages as an excellent body paint, superior to white lead and much cheaper, inasmuch as antimony might be obtained in abundance for about £12 a ton, white lead costs £24 10s. He also pointed out its greater permanency of color, and its capability of being spread over a much larger surface than an equal weight of white lead. Indeed, it is not only lighter, but may be made more subtle; and it was its superiority in these and other respects that led us to regard it as a likely substitute for lead. It is rather singular, too, that the old chemists called antimony their lead; maintaining that, in some of its properties, it bore a near affinity to lead.—*Builder.*

Ideas for Future Realization.—There is indeed no reason why the earth should not supply us with water hot as well as cold, any more, perhaps, than why mechanical attrition or compressed air should not keep us warm, the electric fluid light our streets and houses, convey our messages, set our clocks going, and possibly, also, perform some of our hard work.—*Correspondent of the Builder.*

Selected Articles.

THE DISTRESSED LEXICOGRAPHER.

Napoleon reigned as Emperor in France. The learned and modest lexicographer Boiste had just put the finishing stroke to his dictionary. He had arrived at the point of time so happy for an author—he had just corrected the last proof-sheet, and sent it to his publisher. Sweet was his sleep with brilliant dreams of future fame! The next day the book that would give him name and wealth was to see the light. He awoke to find his bed surrounded by gendarmes.

"Gentlemen, you have certainly made some mistake; I am Monsieur Boiste, grammarian to the Emperor."

"The very man," answered the laconic brigadier. "It is all right; here is the order for the arrest of Boiste, grammarian!"

The argument was conclusive; there was no appeal; go with them he must; and soon the vehicle stopped before the Fort of Vincennes.

Once arrived at the prison, poor Boiste had some hope that the obstinate silence hitherto maintained would cease. He humbly supplicated to be told the cause of the arrest, protesting his innocence and devoted allegiance. The official, through some little feeling of respect for an old man, deigned to open the order for arrest; and after reading it, coolly answered, "To secure the public safety."

Poor Boiste was then sent off to a room, the iron bars of its windows securing to him three months' leisure to torture his brain in the endeavor to discover how he, who had spent his whole life arranging words under their different heads, from A to Z, could have compromised the public safety. He said to himself, with all the tranquility of an untroubled conscience, "It cannot be for my book that I am arrested, since it has been examined three times over, corrected, and considerably diminished, by both the heads and the subordinates in the office of the imperial censorship."

Boiste did not content himself with lamentations, he made strong appeals by memorials addressed to all the influential persons of his acquaintance, always concluding with this most logical conclusion, "I have done nothing; but only tell me what I have done, that I may justify myself."

But unhappily not one of his letters was answered. At length one appeal from the unlucky prisoner fell into the hands of Fontanes, the head of the university, who knew and esteemed the poor grammarian; and fully persuaded of the innocence of a man whose whole life had been devoted to his dictionary, he hastened to mention him to the Emperor, who, happening to be in a favorable mood that day, smiled at the artless epistle, and viewing the matter in the same light with Fontanes, sent for the Duke of Otranto. Fouche was as ignorant as they were of the ground of arrest, and was quite surprised; he had probably signed the order without reading it, and he in his turn summoned the prefect. The prefect could give no explanation, and sent for his deputy, who, after two days of research, at last found the fatal document. It was taken to the Tuileries, and there it was found that it was made out upon the denunciation of the censor who had actually charged Boiste with having spoken of Bonaparte as a spoliator. "How!—when?—where?" This the denunciation did not mention. The censor was ordered to make his appearance; but he was about a hundred leagues off, on a tour of inspection, exercising his vigilant superintendence of the provincial press.

"Let Boiste himself be examined," was Napoleon's next order; "for besides that I believe him incapable of such an act, it really would not be common sense in a dictionary."

The next day Boiste was once more permitted to see the sun, and was carried to the cabinet of the Duke of Otranto, where Fontanes was already in attendance.

"Sir," said Fouche, "you are accused of a libel against the august Prince who reigns over this mighty empire."

"A libel! I, my lord? Surely you cannot believe it? A libel comes from *libellus*, a little book. Ask that gentleman, sir, at the head of our university. I know too well the meaning, the force of words, to——"

"Nevertheless," added Fontanes, showing him the information, but keeping his finger over the signature—"read this."

Boiste cast his eye rapidly along the paper.

"Well!" cried Fouche, seeing the quiet countenance unchanged.

"Is that all?" said Boiste.

"All! and is it not quite enough? I hope, for your sake, it is a mistake."

"Not at all; it is the truth."

"The truth!"

"Unquestionably; it was all to do honor to our Emperor."

"To do honor to him?"

"Yes; to show that he was as great a linguist as he is a hero."

"Come, sir," said Fouche, impatiently; "it is quite time to put an end to such foolery. This is no jesting matter."

"God forbid that I should make a jest of it; I would not take such a liberty in your excellency's presence."

"Be good enough to give some explanation then."

"Nothing more easy;" and taking a copy of his Dictionary, which lay on the table, he opened it at the word "spoliator," and pointed to two words in the following order:—"Spoliator, *Bonaparte*."

The two functionaries indignantly exclaimed,—"And what could have tempted you to such an audacious libel?"

"I was but giving his majesty the credit due to him. I put his name after the word "spoliator," as the authority for the word; he, when General Bonaparte, having been the first to make use of the expression in the tribune. It is a coinage of his own, and not known in the French language till he used it."

Fouche and Fontanes turned upon each other a bewildered look. Boiste was set at liberty; but it cost him the expense of the sheets that replaced the seditious page through the whole edition. And Boiste thought himself happy to get off so cheaply, now that he began to perceive that his tribute to the Emperor's coinage was considered so equivocal a compliment.

THE DOOM FORETOLD.

FROM THE PARIS CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LONDON ATLAS.

You would be much amused by the various gossipping stories which are afloat in the *salons* of Paris at this moment. They remind me of all the wild rumors which were current just at the period of the first Revolution, some of which have been handed down to us with such fearful exactness by the memoirs of the time. Among others I may quote one which I heard last night from the lips of a gentleman who described himself as an eye-witness of the whole scene, and whose character for truth is unimpeachable. The adventure happened last Summer, while the whole of the ex-royal family were gathered together at Neuilly. The person who told me the story had been invited to dinner by Louis Philippe, along with Dr. B., who had been summoned to wait upon the young Duke Philippe of Wurtemburg, who had been menaced with an attack of the croup, to which he has been from his birth alarmingly subject.

The dinner hour was an early one, according to the *laisser aller* habits of the royal family when at Neuilly, and, after the repast, the whole company, instead of adjourning to the drawing-room, strolled out upon the grass plat before the entrance to enjoy the beauty of the evening, and the coolness of the setting sun after the burning heat of the day. Doctor B., in addition to his great skill in the management of children, is one of the first magnetiser's in Paris; and the conversation, as is always the case when he is present, turned upon magnetism. He told many wonderful tales of course, concerning the *clairvoyance* of some of his patients, and their extraordinary power in foretelling the future of others, until, being pressed by the King, he looked around to see if any among the company bore outward sign of any great susceptibility to magnetic influence. He hesitated, when the King bade him name the person who would be most likely to be *clairvoyant* in the company.

"There is a person present," returned the doctor, "who possesses, in a most extraordinary degree, every symptom of this peculiar facility.—Madame La Princesse de Joinville would, I am sure, astonish us, would she but submit to trial."

Curiosity had been much excited by the various wonderful tales of the magnetiser, and the whole of the youthful portion of the royal family united in supplication to the Princess to allow him to try his skill. After some little reluctance, connected, I believe, with religious scruples, the fair Princess consented to the experiment. "She was seated," said my informant, "on a raised mound of grass, formed around the base of a wide-spreading oak; she had thrown over her head the scarf of dark blue crape which she had worn upon her neck, and as she leaned against the tree, her pale thin features and shadowy form made her look dreamy and spiritual, a being just fitted to hold communion with another world. In a moment, and, I believe, with no other ceremony than the placing of his thumb against hers, did she realize the doctor's prediction, and fall into as deep a magnetic slumber as it was possible to witness. There was a deep silence among the persons gathered there, and the doctor having addressed a *few* questions to her, turned to demand which member of the family would like to consult her in the name of the rest. Madame Adelaide it was who volunteered, and to her questioning did the patient reply with such truth concerning the past, that she felt emboldened to consult her with regard to the future. I give you my honor as a gentleman," added my informant, "that in that trance every event which has happened with such fearful rapidity to astonish and confound us all was foretold with most awful precision. The day, the hour of the flight was named, as well as the despoilment of the Tuileries—the secreting of the diamonds once belonging to the crown of the Emperor by a person about the Court, (they have *not been found*,) and a second catastrophe, not far distant, and which concerns the Orleans family alone. 'You name no one,' said Madame Adelaide. 'With whom am I to fly?' 'You will remain calmly and peacefully in France,' replied the somnambule, at which observation the King laughed, and said that this last prophecy was sufficient to betray the fallacy of the whole, as his sister would be incapable of deserting them in the hour of peril." I have heard this story from two or three individuals, and from one who declares himself to have been an eye-witness to the scene, and have no reason to doubt its accuracy.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

At a recent anniversary of the American Society for ameliorating the condition of the Jews, celebrated in the city of New York, the Rev. Dr. Tyng recited a remarkable poem of *Charlotte Elizabeth*, with the foregoing title. The Reverend Doctor offered a resolution "that the signs of the times are such as should arouse all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and wait for His salvation, to renewed and enlarged effort in this holy enterprise"—and concluded an eloquent speech upon the subject by the remark that this poem embodied the whole of all he had further to say.—The Scriptural references were arranged by Dr. Tyng:—

When from scattered lands afar	Matt. 24 : 6, 8
Spreads the voice of rumored war	Luke 21 : 25
Nations in tumultuous pride	Haggai 2 : 7
Heaved like ocean's roaring tide	Hebrews 12 : 26, 29
When the solar splendors fail	Matt. 24 : 29
When the crescent waneth pale	Rev. 16 : 12
And the powers that starlike reign	Matt. 24 : 29
Sink dishonored to the plain	Joel 11 : 10, 31
World! do thou the signal dread	Luke 21 : 26, 35
We exalt the drooping head	Luke 21 : 27, 28
We uplift the expectant eye	Eph 1 : 14
Our redemption draweth nigh	Rom 8 : 9, 23
When the fig-tree shoots appear	Matt. 24 : 32, 33
Men behold their summer near	Luke 21 : 30, 31
When the hearts of rebels fail	Isaiah 59 : 18 19
We the coming conqueror hail	Rev. 19 : 11, 16
Bridegroom of the weeping spouse	Rev. 19 : 7, 9
Listen to our longing vows	Rev. 6 : 10
Listen to her widowed moan	Luke 18 : 3, 7, 8
Listen to Creation's groan	Rom. 8 : 22, 23
Bid, oh, bid Thy trumpet sound	1 Thess. 4 : 16
Gather Thine elect around	Matt. 24 : 31
Gird with saints Thy flaming car	Jude 14
Summon them from clime afar	Isaiah 24 : 13, 15
Call them from life's cheerless gloom	Matt. 24 : 40, 41
Call them from the marble tomb	Rev. 20 : 4, 6
From the grass-grown village grave	Luke 14 : 14
From the deep-dissolving wave	Psalm 49 : 14, 15
From the whirlwind and the flame	1 Thess 4 : 17
Mighty Head, thy members claim	Col 1 : 15
Where are they whose proud disdain	Luke 19 : 12, 27
Scorned to brook Messiah's reign?	Matt. 14 : 41, 42
Lo, in waves of sulph'rous fire	Luke 17 : 27, 30
How they taste His tardy ire	Rev. 19 : 20, 21
Fettered till the appointed day	Rev. 18 : 8, 5, 9
When the world shall pass away	2 Peter : 2, 9
Quelled are all Thy foes, oh Lord	Rev. 19 : 15, 21
Sheathe again the dreadful sword	Psalm 110 : 5, 7
Where the Cross of anguish stood	Isaiah 53 : 3, 5, 12
Where Thy life distilled its blood	Mark 15 : 27
Where they mocked Thy dying groan	Mark 19 : 29
King of Nations! plant Thy throne	Isaiah 24 : 23
Send Thy law from Zion forth	Zach 8 : 3
Speeding o'er the willing earth	Daniel 2 : 35 44
Earth, whose Sabbath glories rise	Isaiah 60 : 1, 3
Crowned with more than Paradise	Psalm 67 : 6
Sacred be the impending veil!	1 Corin. 13 : 12
Mortal sense and thought must fail	1 John 3 : 2
Yet the awful hour is nigh	Luke 21 : 31
We shall see Thee, eye to eye	Rev. 1 : 7
Be our souls in peace possessed	2 Thess. 3, 5
While we seek Thy promised rest	Heb. 4 : 9
And from every heart and home	2 Tim : 4, 8
Breathe the prayer "Oh, Jesus come!"	Rev. 22 : 20
Haste to set the captive free	Isaiah 49 : 9
All Creation groans for Thee	Rom. 8 : 19

The Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Very elegant materials are in use for evening dress; brocarts with large patterns in orange color, having by candle-light the effect of gold, others are of black grounds, with wreaths of roses and mixed flowers of showy colors, ondes satins and gauzes sprigged in stars of gold, or silk reps, brocades, &c. Sky blue and violet are the prevailing colors, pale blue for young ladies, and deep violet for the more advanced, which latter color is also much used for high dresses and mantelets and pelerines, harmonizing in color with the dress for these toilettes; black lace is well suited; foulards and bareges again constitute the most elegant negligee; we have also toiles de lain glacee and embroidered, new poplines and checked taffetas, the last are in small checks, in which white prevails, and are adopted for young ladies. Many of the spring redingotes are ornamented with buttons, others with biais, edged with fringe or deep flounces festonnes, pinked or simply hemmed; corsages less high will be fashionable, but will still have to contend with the puritan form; two styles of low bodies are spoken of, those a la Greque, with corsages made of lace, are spoken of; there is no particular change of sleeves, for dinner dresses the trimmings are mostly en tablier. In ball dresses the double and triple skirt is always worn.

The mantillas, mantelet, demi-pelisses, little pelletots are all made this season of plain or glace taffetas; the trimmings generally of frills, pinked in two or three rows at the back, two of which terminate at the arm, falling as a sleeve on the hand; the third is continued round the ends, which are either round or pointed. The newest style is the mantillon, and is small in form, resembling the mantelet in shape, without the ends; the pardessus Milanais is of taffetas de Italie glace, with triple border of lace. The new bonnets are round in form, and jockey crowns continue in favor. Some bonnets are of a more open form, and these require more ornament inside. Some are made entirely of ribbon, others of mohair and straw, and of gimp and straw; but the Parisian ladies always give the preference to Leghorns, for which they reserve their ostrich, marabout and heron feathers. A new tissu de paille is made in bands, which, sewed together, forms a pretty bonnet de fantaisee. The capote castillane of pink satin, covered with black lace, forming fichu, on the crown, and violette at the edge, ornamented inside with roses, is very generally admired. Fancy straws are ornamented by wild flowers, foliage, bunches of the peach and the apricot blossoms, &c. Various simple and pretty caps are made for neglige, all of a new kind of foliage ribbon, which forms so pretty a trimming. The fauchon is also admired, richly embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes or Mechlin lace.

Small blond caps with flowers, and dress hats with feathers, are reserved for evening wear; noeuds of velours epingle are worn in the hair, and many pretty coiffures are made of bugles in every color. Bracelets are universally in favor, large or small, rich or simple, in every variety of material one or more at pleasure. The Chantelaine suspended from the waist, also varies in value. The gloves continue short, ornamented at the top by ribbon, forsades beads or narrow blond forming ruches.—*From the London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.*

For Housekeepers.

OLD SCRAPS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING CAKE.

Do not use the hand to make cake, but a wooden spoon or spad. Earthen is best to make cake in.

In receipts where milk is used, never mix sweet and sour milk, as it makes cake heavy, even when either alone would not do it. Butter in the least degree strong, spoils cake.

Try whether cake is done by piercing it with a broom splinter, and if nothing adheres it is done.

An oven, to bake cake well, must have a good heat at the bottom, and not be too hot on the top, or the cake will be heavy.

Cake that is to be frosted, should be baked in pans with perpendicular instead of slanting sides. Line them with buttered paper, the salt soaked out of the butter. If the oven proves too hot, cover the top with paper before it hardens, or the cake will be heavy.

The best way to put in fruit is to sprinkle flour over it, then put in a layer of cake at the bottom, half an inch thick, then a layer of fruit, taking care that it does not touch the sides of the pan, and thus dry up; then a little more cake, then another layer of fruit, and thus till the cake is three inches thick (not more,) and let the top layer be cake.

Always dissolve saleratus, or sal volatile in hot water, as milk does not perfectly dissolve it, and thus there will be yellow specks made.

CHILD'S FEATHER CAKE.

Three cups of light dough. Two cups rolled sugar. Three well-beaten eggs, mixed with the sugar and butter. Half a cup of warm milk, or a little less. One teaspoonful of saleratus in two great spoonsful of water, and put in the milk. One cup of melted butter, worked into the sugar. The grated rind and juice of one lemon. Work all together, adding the lemon-juice just before putting it in buttered pans. If you have no lemons, use one nutmeg and a tablespoonful of sharp vinegar, added just before putting it in pans. One and-a-half, if the vinegar is weak. Some think this improved by standing to rise fifteen minutes—try it.

GINGER SNAPS.

One cup of molasses. Half a cup of sugar. Half a cup of butter. Half a cup of warm water—the butter melted with it. A small teaspoonful of pearlash, dissolved in the water. Two tablespoonsful of ginger. The dough should be stiff; knead it well, and roll into sheets, cut into round forms, and bake in a moderate oven.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Chloroform Applied to a Pig.—We are not sorry to see that this new and wonderful pain destroying agent is likely to come into use for alleviating the sufferings of the inferior animals, in their passage from the midst of life to the salting tub. The Leeds (Eng.) Times informs us that the day before Christmas, Mr. Horace Watson, druggist, of the respectable village of Laceby, near Grimsby, wishing to give "his gruntness as little uneasiness" as possible *en route* to the pork barrel, caused our friend the butcher to administer through piggy's monstrous nostrils *quantum sufficit* of chloroform. "Grunt," naturally fond of sleep, was soon in the land of forgetfulness, when our hero (in the blue frock) very conveniently extracted the requisite portion of vital fluid from the fountain of his existence, leaving the pig, after being scalded, cut up and salted, apparently not a whit wiser for what had passed.—*Christian Citizen.*

Cheese Grown for Fodder.—A farmer in Andover tells us he sows four acres of chess on his grounds to be mown for winter food; he obtains not less than two tons per acre—sows in September. His milch cows do well on it, and eat it readily; it is as bulky as herdsgrass. He says it requires annual seeding; in this respect it would not equal our common grasses. We have never tried chess for fodder, and cannot say whether it should be extensively cultivated.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Turpentine Trees Dying.—Much concern prevails among the turpentine producers and dealers in all this section of the State, on account of the immense number of pine trees that are dying, without any perceptible cause. One gentleman in Brunswick county has on his plantation one hundred and thirty thousand trees, which have died within a short time. Others, also, we have heard of who have lost from a fourth to a half of their trees. The cause of this extensive destruction of the most valuable trees of our forests is eminently worthy of close investigation.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Chronicle.*

Peach Trees.—A writer in the Horticulturist thinks that the shortening-in mode of pruning and the use of ashes, will drive that most fatal malady to peach trees—the *yellows*—out of the country, if cultivators can be brought to estimate their joint value. He uses wood ashes, either leached or unleached—half a peck of the former, or half a bushel of the unleached, for a young tree just beginning to bear. The best time of applying it is in October, but it has been found to answer admirably as late as June. It is best to prune the peach early, but the writer has seen no bad effect from shortening-in as late as the middle of May, and he advises those who have not performed that operation already, to take knife in hand and sally forth immediately.

DIRECTIONS FOR SACKING WOOL.

Wool, intended to be sent to a distant market may be put up and pressed in bales after the manner of cotton, or it may be crowded into sacks holding from 200 to 250 lbs. If designed to be shipped on a long voyage, it would be more economical to press it into square bales, as it would then occupy less bulk, and consequently effect a saving of freight. But in the interior of a country, where conveniences for bailing are not always at hand, sacks may be employed, made of 40-inch "burlaps," or 45-inch "gunny cloth," 7½ feet long. Each of these sacks may be made of a piece of cloth 5 yards in length, by doubling the ends until they meet and sewing up the sides with twine.

The mouth of a sack may next be sewed to a strong hoop of wood or iron (diameter 25 inches for the burlaps and 38 inches for the gunny cloth): then let down its body through a circular hole, two inches less in diameter than the hoop, cut in an upper floor of a building, or of a temporary scaffold erected for the purpose, where it can swing clear beneath. One man may then get into the sack, while another hands him the fleeces, which he should place in regular layers, pressing them down in the meantime, with his feet, until it is filled. After this, the sack may be slightly raised, the hoop disengaged, the mouth of the sack sewed up with twine, and the operation is complete.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

LOOKING GLASS FOR BIRDS.

A correspondent of the Gardner's Chronicle says: "The following plan is perfectly efficacious for scaring birds from fruit and other produce. One of my servants having by chance broken a looking glass, it occurred to me that the broken pieces suspended by a string so as to turn freely in every direction, would give the appearance of something moving about, which would alarm the birds. I accordingly tried the plan, and find that no bird, not even the most fool-hardy of them, dares come near. They had attacked my peas; on suspending a few bits of the looking glass amongst them, the marauders left the place. The tomtits attacked my Seckel pears, to which they seem very partial. A bit of looking glass suspended in front of the tree put a stop to the mischief. My grapes were then much damaged before they were ripe, by thrushes and starlings; a piece of looking glass drove these away, and not a grape was touched afterwards. I have before tried many plans, but never found any so effectual as the above."

BEE HIVE.

A gentleman in Norwich, Ct., has made some improvement in the bee hive, which is said to be very beneficial. It is of the usual form, but closed at the bottom with a close-fitting lid, covered with wire cloth, about eight meshes to the inch. This allows all the dirt and chips of comb made by the bees, to sift through; and admits sufficient air for ventilation. It is hung on butts, and can be opened to brush off any dead bees or other substances too large to fall through the wire. Near the top, directly over the drawers, is an inch auger hole, for the passage of the "workers." The aperture being at the top of the swarm, has always a cluster of bees about it, so that no miller can enter, and there is no other mode of ingress. Nothing larger than ants can go through the wire bottom, and they are easily kept away by salt.—*Ex. Paper.*

The Olio.

"THE SPIKE SOCIETY."

A new tee-total society has been started in Portland, called the "Telegraphic Spike Society." It was started by two persons, who, believing they had been in the habit of spending altogether too much of their hard earnings for liquor, drove a spike into a post, and, under a ten dollar obligation, agreed that the first one who should drink, must draw out the spike with his teeth, or forfeit the sum named.

Each of the members of this society agrees to drive a spike. The spike is driven down close, and the agreement is, that the one who violates his pledge, is, in some way, to draw the spike. The first spikes—about seven in number—were driven into a Telegraphic post. The society intend to have a new post for this purpose. A subsequent meeting was held, and eleven new members drove spikes! This spike-driving business will do them good service, if they don't have to put their teeth to them hereafter.

Lobsters.—We have heard of oysters being crossed in love, but we were not aware until recently that a lobster was susceptible to the tender passion. Such appears, however, to be the case, if we are to credit the story of an old lobster catcher. He says that when one sheds its shell, it is generally watched and guarded by one that is armed with its coat of mail. He lately found one between two rocks, perfectly soft and helpless, on account of having recently parted with its shell, and tried with a stick to poke it out, but a stout old fellow darted at the stick with his shears, very tailor-like, to his no small annoyance and amusement. He swam round the body of his prostrate charge, eyeing with solicitude every motion of the foe, and manifested to the last moment of the capture of both, a degree of affection that would be commendable in human society.—*Island City.*

Hints to Lovers of Flowers.—A most beautiful and easily attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches taken from luxuriant and healthy trees just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips, and immersed in soap water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled, in a flower basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for the whole season. They require no fresh water.—*Court Journal.*

Help to Memory.—Gilles de Retz, Marshal of France, (said to be the veritable Blue Beard,) was sentenced to be led in chains to the place of execution, and to be burnt alive at the stake. The day appointed was the 23rd of October, 1440, "a date," says the historian, "about which there can be no doubt; for all the people of Anjou and Maine, by common consent, whipped their children on that morning, so as to impress the precise date upon their memory." This strange mnemonic process is still a favorite with the peasants of Anjou and Brittany.

PROVIDING FOR THE WEST.

We see that Miss Beecher is carrying out her benevolent project of providing Western bachelors with pretty and intelligent New England girls for wives, for which that benevolent lady will deserve the thanks of the present generation and of posterity.

The Buffalo Herald mentions the recent arrival of fourteen of these young candidates for Hoosier husbands, at that place. They were all bright, blooming and beautiful,—all intelligent and accomplished, and all from Massachusetts, sent out as a sample lot of what that great manufacturing State can furnish.

As we have mentioned before, Miss Beecher carries on her philanthropic undertaking under the pretence of furnishing the West with Yankee schoolmarms, but as they are not bound by any vow of celibacy, and as they are sure to get courted as soon as they get into the Mississippi Valley, the result of matrimony is inevitable, even if not foreseen and designed by the clever Miss Beecher.

Massachusetts can furnish twenty thousand charming girls, and Connecticut, New Hampshire and Vermont ten thousand each, women to make any man happy, and bring up creditably large families of children, all of whom would have had a smart chance of being old maids should they stay at home.

This supply of women to the West will increase emigration, and the best influences on the prosperity of the West must be the inevitable result. Illinois and Indiana stocks will go up to par, and the debts of those States will be paid to the last dollar, and Miss Beecher will deserve a monument at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, if any foundation can ever be made there solid enough to build upon.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

The Society of Friends.—The editor of the New York Star says, in travelling with a Quaker Minister from Connecticut recently, who had been visiting the various people of that denomination scattered about the earth, the latter gave him the following information:—

"He found a meeting in Iceland composed of about 15 regular Quakers. Among the Pyrenees, he found a society also. They did not, of course, dress like our Quakers in New York, as the fashion in the country is entirely different. But their garb was quite plain; they wore no ornaments of any description; they used no oaths, were opposed to war, and in all respects followed the order of Quakerism, although they had never heard of the Society of Friends, George Fox, William Penn, or Elias Hicks."

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 3, 1, 6, 16, 14, 11, 5, 5, 18, 7, is a useful article of clothing.
My 2, 12, 13, 3, is much used at night.
My 1s, 5, 5, 7, 16, is much frequented by fowls.
My 13, 8, 1, 9, is a kind of beverage.
My 4, 5, 6, 10, is used by men who shave.
My 14, 15, 16, has attained great perfection.
My 4, 17, 11, 3, 12, is the name of a calf.
My 11, 19, 18, 7, is used on telescopes.
My whole is another of the Provisional Government.

P.

CHARADE.

My first of polished ivory's loveliest hue,
The fairest work of Nature's hand divine;
My next, or finely decks Sir Fopling Beau,
Or does young Delia's shapely waist confine
My whole entwines my *first*, and gives an air
Of elegance and grandeur to the fair.

RIDDLE.

Bards, our race is ancient grown,
Through the British empire known;
And what man of worth is found,
For wisdom and bright wit renowned,
Deep thoughts he'll in *me* repose,
Secrets none beside me knows.
I don't the great alone befriend,
Poor men on my aid depend;
Be they e'er so mean and low,
Frequent favors I bestow;
Must sometimes to betters fall,
Tho' my rank is over all.
One hint, to finish my renown,
My constant care's to keep the crown.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

The distance from Edinburgh to London being [illegible] miles, how long would it take a person to measure it with his feet, supposing his foot to be ten inches long and that he places his foot 55 times in a minute?

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a good governess and a bad one?
Ans.—A good one guides Miss, and the other *Misguides.*

☞ What is that which makes everybody sick but those who swallow it?
Ans.—Flattery.

☞ What is that which increases the effect by diminishing the cause?
Ans.—A pair of snuffers.

☞ Why is a person reading aloud like a Judge?
Ans.—Because he pronounces a sentence.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Louis Adolphe Thiers.

CHARADES.—Carpet—Cat-a-comb.

RIDDLE.—Truth.

Humorous Sketch.

LOVE.

FROM THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Frederic Verni, Esq., was comfortably seated in his bachelor parlor, on the twenty-ninth of February, smoking, not his cigar, but his delicate paper cigarito, which carefully defended his lips from the contact of the weed. He was leaning back in one chair with his legs and feet carefully piled on another, and under the soothing influence of the smoke was deeply ruminating on———nothing at all. He could not be said to be in a brown study, for he had never in his life been guilty of anything approaching to study—perhaps his mental occupation may be best described by saying that he was engaged in exploring his favorite region—the Fool's Paradise. The servant announced a lady, and ushered in Miss Tinder.

"Aw—aw," drawled Frederic, "pway be seated, Miss Tinda—delighted to see you!"

"You did not expect to see me, I know, Mr. Verni," said the lady—"taken you by surprise completely?"

"Aw am never surpwised at anything, Miss Tinda, but chawmed aw assure you, perfectly chawmed!"

"You are always so polite! But surprised or not, I dare say you are curious to know the subject of my visit?"

"Aw, am newa cuwious, Miss Tinda, but aw will hea it with a gweat deal of pleasha."

"How very kind! But allow me to ask you if you recollect how long we have been acquainted?"

"Wy, weally, me memowy is so vewy defective you know, aw neva wecollect anything!"

"Well, it is just a year since you were introduced to me at Mr. Ashcomb's ball. Do you remember what you said to me?"

"Aw—excuse me, aw have actually fawgotten!"

"Why, you told me I was the most charming person you ever met."

"Now, weally, did aw!" said Verni, "but—aw—one meets so many chawming persons you know, weally!"

"Well, you did not seem to think so then," continued Miss Tinder. "Have you any idea how many bouquets you have sent me since?"

"Aw weally have not the slightest."

"You have sent me just twenty-three, besides seventeen notes. Allow me to remind you that I worked those slippers that your feet are looking so comfortable in, beside the guard that holds the eye-glass which looks so knowing when you place it under your right eye now. But to come to the point, do you recollect what you told me last Thursday three weeks?"

"Wy, indeed, it's very pwovoking you know, but weally—aw—aw haven't the slightest idea you know!"

"Well, then, I can refresh your memory. You told me I was the most magnificent creature in existence, and that you loved me excessively—now, sir, I am going to exercise the privilege of leap year, and desire to know what your intentions are?"

"Aw!—magnificent cweature in existence!—aw!—loved you excessively!—aw—wy, weally, do you know I must have been dweaming!—aw!" and Frederic Verni, fatigued with so long a sentence, altered the position of his legs and took a long breath.

"Dreaming, indeed!" exclaimed Miss Tinder—"you base, contemptible man. I wonder whether I was dreaming yesterday, when I heard that my grandfather, who died last week, had left me fifty thousand dollars!"

"Fifty thousand——indeed, Miss Tinder, you entirely mistake," exclaimed Verni with unwonted vivacity. "When I said dreaming, I meant dreaming of you. I have done nothing else night or day since I knew you!"

"Now, positively, Frederic, did you mean it so?" said Miss Tinder—"are you sure, quite sure?"

"Aw—yes—angelic being!" answered Verni, relapsing—"aw meant it, aw swear it!—by all the gods and demigods, aw swear it, loveliest of your sex—aw!"

"Now, really, do you really think so?" asked Miss Tinder, as Frederic kissed her in proof of his disinterested affection. "When shall it be, dear est?"

MAX.